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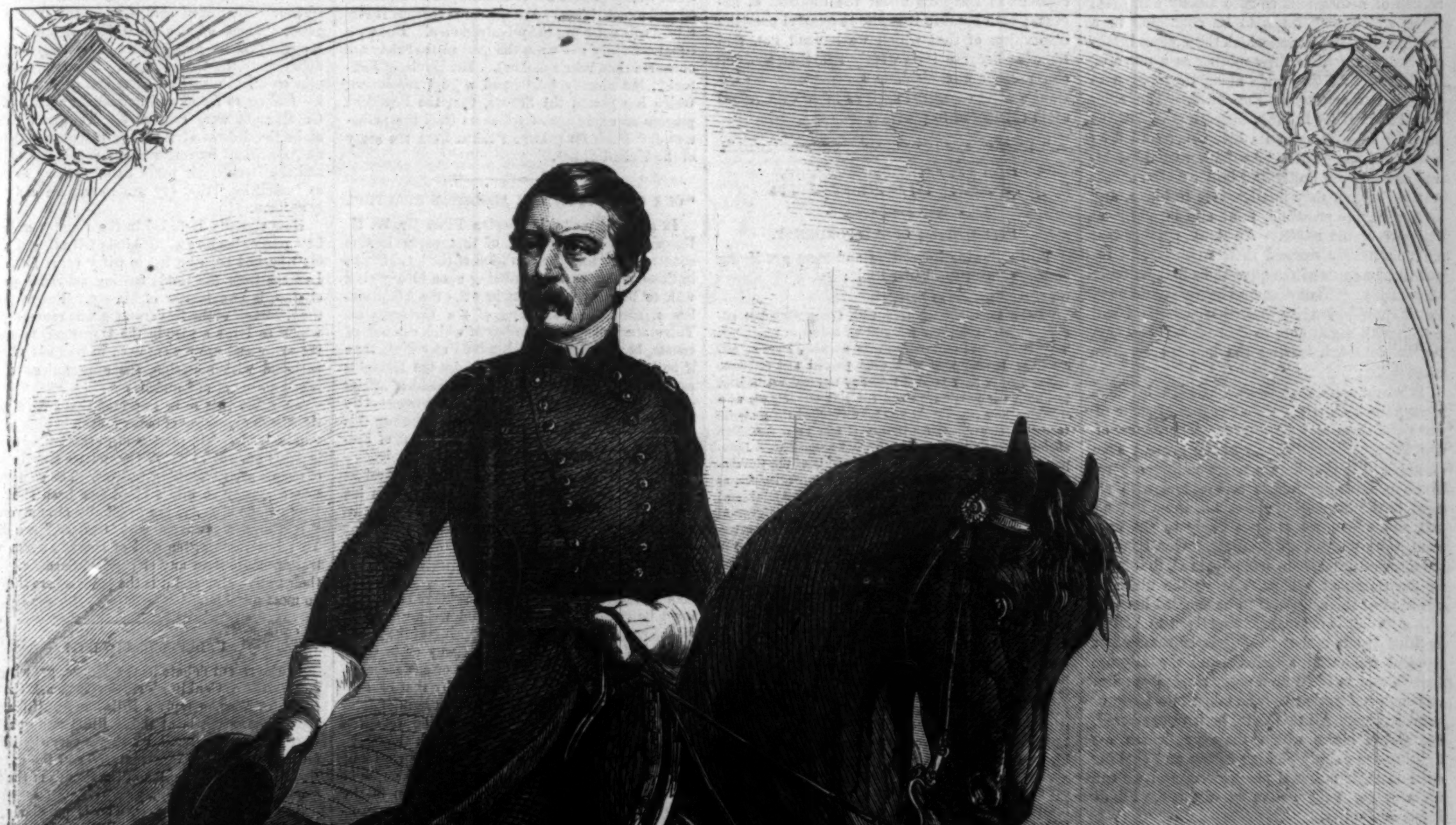


"LITTLE MAC" OUT AGAIN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1862.

RETIREMENT OF SECRETARY CAMERON.

MR. SIMON CAMERON has retired from the War Department, and is succeeded by EDWIN M. STANTON, late Attorney-General under Mr. Buchanan. The public will not regret the change, nor is it believed that the country will be a loser by it.

SLAVERY BLOCKING THE WAY.

Two Christian knights, brothers, in the great army which had undertaken to wrest the sepulchre of Christ out of the hand of the infidel, departed from their tent early one morning in search of a diamond of rare beauty and great price, which they knew to be concealed in a neighboring castle, and which these pious brothers had promised to their mother as a token of filial love. As they rode along they began to discuss the setting of the jewel. The elder would have it set in plain massive gold, but the younger insisted upon its being surrounded by a chain of fine pearls. As neither would yield, and each waxed hotter and hotter as the debate was prolonged, they finally came to blows, and both soon lay prostrate, faint and bleeding, at the gate of the castle. An Arab, passing that way, humanely dressed their wounds, and inquiring the cause of the quarrel, bade them cease their strife. "That diamond is mine; and now, lest it should give rise to further quarrels, I will take it with me at once to Damascus." So saying he departed, leaving the helpless brothers crest-fallen.

It would seem that these Christian brothers must have been the lineal ancestors of some of our politicians and statesmen. The record of our Congressional debates at the present time contains little else than a never-ending quarrel between emancipationists and others with regard to the disposal of slaves whom we haven't got, and whom we are not likely to get very soon, from present appearances. One honorable member proposes to emancipate all the slaves in the South at a blow; leaving the ultimate question of their disposal to be decided hereafter. Another is for transporting them to Africa. A third demands that Nicaragua or some other tropical region be acquired, and the negroes sent thither to build up a great tropical empire. A fourth insists that they be taken into Government service. All this time, be it remembered, the slaves about whom these gentlemen are fighting are calmly picking cotton and shelling corn on their masters' plantations, and we can no more get at them than we can at the inhabitants of Jupiter.

Then, on the other side, we have another practical party which is furious with every body who doesn't fall down and worship the divine institution of slavery. The Legislature of Kentucky, which has been so long on the fence that it requires an effort to believe that it is now fairly on the loyal side, demands that no enemy of slavery be allowed to remain in the Cabinet. The Legislature of Maryland, reeking with treason, protests against the least interference with the splendid institution. Newspapers here and there bellow daily that the rascally abolitionists are the cause of all the trouble; that Wendell Phillips seized Sumter, and Lloyd Garrison founded the Confederate States. The telegraphic dispatches from Washington teem with accounts of "abolitionist conspiracies." If they are to be believed, our representatives are on the point of cutting each other's throats and that of the President on account of minor differences of opinion touching the disposal of questions which can only arise when the rebellion has been fairly crushed out.

It is not good to be jealous of Providence. It is well that we should take every possible care, and exercise every possible forethought in our daily travail; but something may safely, nay must always, be left to Providence. Honorable members and gallant generals are very wise, no doubt. But Providence is a good engineer too. This slavery question is just the sort of problem which Providence is apt to solve well. In the Revolutionary war Providence took care of one or two things which our leaders had neglected, and they were not the least important of the war. Let us trust the same power now.

Practically, wherever our armies advance slavery will disappear. Generals may order the return of fugitive slaves, but the rank and file won't execute the command, because they have no interest in doing so. Proclamations may be issued protecting slavery; but the slaves won't pay much attention to them, and the masters will not have the power, nor the troops the time to enforce them. To flourish, or even to exist, slavery requires perfect peace, and the most strict and thorough execution of municipal law; it can no more thrive in the midst of civil war than gunpowder can be manufactured in a blacksmith's shop. This implies no abolitionism among officers of our army. General Sherman, at Port Royal, made his début with a proclamation which, so far as slavery was concerned, suited the stomach of the Charleston *Mercury*. Yet neither Garrison nor Phillips, nor all the abolitionists together, ever dealt so deadly a stab at the institution as Sherman did when he directed that sea-island cotton be picked by free negro labor, and the negroes paid a penny a pound for all they brought in. He could not help himself. Others will do the like. Men may go out at the head of our armies with preconceived opinions on the slavery question that would be relished by Spratt and Yancey; set them in the field, and if they know their trade as soldiers, they become active abolitionists by the necessity of the case.

The people of the North have an abiding faith in the power of the Government to crush out this rebellion, and an unshakable resolve that it shall be done, though slavery and a dozen other Southern institutions be crushed out with it. When slavery goes to the wall no tears will be shed from Northern eyes. But the people hear with anxiety and annoyance those eternal discussions in Congress about the disposal of negroes; both because it is idle to quarrel over the disposition of that which we haven't got, and likewise because it is widely felt that nothing can prevent our ultimate success except divisions among ourselves such as these discussions seem calculated to provoke.

THE LOUNGER.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following interesting and most gratifying correspondence speaks for itself:

"*LL.D., Barrister at Law:*

"DEAR SIR,—Having read with the profoundest admiration and gratitude the graphic letters in which you have represented our countrymen as fools, knaves, and cowards; having seen with what painful and elaborate ingenuity you have twisted facts and tortured conclusions, insulting our public men and covering our soldiers with ridicule; how incessantly you have supplied the material to the London *Times* for its brutal talk upon American affairs; how skillfully and with what unquestioned European effect you have described the efforts of the Government of the United States to defend its own existence, as a mad fratricidal war; how sedulously you have ministered to the jealousy and hate which the selfish and the ignorant in England (if you will pardon the allusion) always entertain for a great and rival nation; and how faithfully you have served the purpose for which you were sent, of maligning American politics, society, and events, confirming rancorous passions, and embroiling in war two nations which are natural allies; carefully avoiding to inform yourself, or only informing yourself to conceal, the real character of the rebellion which has plunged our country into war, and exposed constitutional liberty to so dire a peril; we, a committee of American gentlemen, recognizing that you, from the circumstances of your position, more than any other individual, have misrepresented the motives, conduct, and character of the American people, and blackened the fair fame of our country, venture most humbly to request you to honor us by partaking of a dinner at our expense, in order that it may be made manifest to our countrymen, and to the whole world, that the nation furnishes at least some originals for the humiliating caricatures of men and gentlemen that you have described us all to be.

"With profound respect,
"We are your most humble, obedient Servants."

"GENTLEMEN,—Although you and your ridiculous humbug of a Government have all gone to the devil—and good riddance to bad rubbish!—yet as long as your dinners hold out I can have no earthly objection to eating them.

"Yours, LL.D., BARRISTER AT LAW."

LAND REBELS AND WATER REBELS.

JUDGE DALY has written a letter to Senator Harris upon the proper treatment of privateersmen. He takes the ground that a privateersman is only a rebel upon water, and that if you do not hang land rebels, but exchange them, you ought to be willing to exchange water rebels, and not hang them. He does not deny, of course, that if Mr. Mansfield Lovell were taken in arms against the Government he might be tried for treason, and justly hung if convicted; and that what is true of Mr. Lovell is true of every other rebel with or without a rifle. But as Mr. Lovell is no more a traitor than Captain Semmes of the *Sumter*, if, for General Banks or Lander, if the rebels had them, we would gladly exchange Mr. Lovell rather than hang him, so for Colonel Corcoran we ought willingly to exchange Captain Semmes, if we had him.

The argument is fair enough. Every citizen who forcibly resists the Government is a traitor, and traitors are punishable with death. But there is a difference in the manner of resistance, and therefore, in a certain sense, a difference in the guilt of the offenders. When the Congress of Paris agreed that "Privateering is abolished," it certainly did not mean to say that war or treason were abolished; but only that the consenting nations pledged themselves to refrain from a certain kind of warfare. Why did they do it? Simply because war, although it is an appeal to brute force, has yet a kind of amenity and even fairness. There are things which are recognized as no less odious in war than in peace. Poisoning wells, murdering women and children, etc., are among them. And now, by the common consent of the great Powers of the world, in a treaty to which we have offered to become parties, privateering, or authorized public piracy upon the high seas, is ranked among these odious outrages and crimes of war.

The reason of this is evident. It is because there is an essential unfairness in such warfare. A rebel who is taken upon the battle-field is a man who has openly and consciously offered himself to the same chances that he brings to bear against his enemy. He tries to take the life of the loyal citizen, indeed, but he does it by risking his own life. On the other hand, a privateersman is a rebel who takes a loyal citizen at every disadvantage; who opposes armed force to helplessness; who risks nothing; yet who, if honor and heroism constrain resistance, does not hesitate to murder. The difference between a land rebel and a water rebel, therefore, is precisely that between a highway robber stopping an unarmed passenger and a soldier in the field confronting another soldier. That difference is fully recognized by the Treaty of Paris, which abolishes privateering. Consequently, when Judge Daly urges, as an argument for the exchange of privateersmen equally with soldiers taken in the field, "that actual war exists, and that, as a Christian people, we mean to carry it on according to the usages of civilized nations," he apparently forgets that the usage of civilized nations has abolished privateering, and therefore that it affords no argument to the point.

However, the question is practically one of policy. No crime certainly could be more clearly proved than the armed resistance of Commodore Barron and his men at Hatteras Inlet to the Government of their country. No men's lives are more distinctly forfeited than theirs. But the Government wisely prefers not to insist upon its undoubted and exact rights. For the same reasons it certainly will not hang the privateersmen. But with equal certainty not upon the ground that they are no worse than rebels on land. Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, has already introduced a joint resolution, which has passed the Senate, that the President procure an exchange of prisoners from the privateer *Jeff Davis* for prisoners taken from the army of the United States.

"OUR OWN" UPON THE ABOLITION REACTION.

IN a late letter to the London *Times* Mr. W. H. Russell, the correspondent of that paper in this country, describes the condition of the loyal States in this country as one bordering upon bloody civil war, to be waged by what he calls the Abolitionists against the adherents of the Government. This statement—the absurdity of which can not, of course, be appreciated in England any more than if he had repeated the story told by the Memphis papers that Frémont had seized the head of affairs and turned Congress into the street—is supported by two references: one to Mr. Sumner's speech in this city; and the other to a meeting in favor of Frémont, in Cincinnati, several weeks ago.

As for Mr. Sumner's speech, he said—first at Worcester, in September or October—that, in his view, Slavery ought to be assailed, as the mainspring of the rebellion; but that he left the matter entirely in the hands of the Government. In his New York speech, to which Mr. Russell refers, Mr. Sumner *did not advocate universal emancipation, nor even arming the slaves.* He said: "Our battalions must be reinforced by ideas, and we must strike directly at the origin and main-spring of the rebellion. I do not say now in what way or to what extent. It may be by the system of a Massachusetts General—Butler; it may be by that of Frémont; or it may be by the grander system of John Quincy Adams." In saying that the rebellion should be struck in some way through the Slave system, Mr. Sumner merely expressed an all but universal opinion. And in saying that he should yield to the action of the Administration in the matter, he merely expressed the universal determination.

The other ground upon which he asserts the imminence of the war within the war is as follows: "The Government is accused in mass meeting, amidst immense cheering, of 'an infamous, sneaking, crawling policy, which replaces the electric watch-word sounded by Frémont for this great nation.' Assuredly, if he be thus encouraged, the General is not the man to remain quiet, or to bear his temporary disgrace with equanimity." There was a large meeting, of enthusiastic Germans mainly, in Cincinnati, about the middle of November, at which the Rev. Mr. Conway, an ardent and sincere abolitionist, in the strict technical sense, did say, or is reported to have said, what Mr. Russell quotes. The spirit of that meeting has had not the slightest response from any quarter; but Mr. Russell puts it as if "in mass meeting" through the country the same sentiments were constantly echoed. Meanwhile General Frémont has studiously forborne, with a heroic patriotism which surprises no one who knows him, to please in the least degree those who might wish him to make an open issue with the Administration.

Of course both he and those who believe him to be an able and an honest officer still believe that the "electric watch-word" is the *open sesame* of our success. But the spirit of the passionate eloquence of Mr. Conway was neither the watch-word of General Frémont's conduct nor of the policy of his friends. And the unreality of the impression of the actual state of things in the country conveyed in this letter of Mr. Russell's is but an illustration of the entirely false coloring which his letters give to our sentiments and events in general.

TRAITORS WITHIN THE LINES.

IT was not to be expected that a treason of so long growth and of such a nature as that which has culminated in this rebellion, could be rooted out at once even from the departments of the Government. The offices of which such men as Floyd, Cobb, Thompson, and Toucey were the heads could not fail to be full of traitors. But it was not very easy to discover them—and often it must have been very difficult, with due regard to the proper sequence of the public business, to expel them peremptorily.

Suppose Mr. Chase, upon taking the keys of the Treasury, had summoned singly each of the clerks in the Department, and had tendered them the oath of allegiance. Some traitors might have hesitated, and they would have been at once set aside. But of course scores of men who did not hesitate to receive the pay of the Government while plotting or favoring its overthrow, would have taken the oath of allegiance with the smoothest face and glibbest tongue in the world.

Or suppose that every clerk in the Department had refused the oath. How would it have worked to turn every one out and fill their places with men of unquestionable fidelity who had not the least idea of the duties or the routine of their offices? It was by no means easy to winnow the chaff from the grain.

So with the army and navy. Experience justified a distrust of the loyalty of officers born in the rebellious section. Of course there were shining exceptions. Percival Drayton is one: but he would unquestionably allow the justice of the doubt. Yet nothing surely could be more ungracious than to assume disloyalty invariably, and to act upon the assumption. So we were exposed to delays, and even to treachery; but it was unavoidable.

When the leaders of the rebellion determined to strike openly for separation they did not act without perfect deliberation. For we must never forget that it was we who moved suddenly and without expectation or preparation. The rebels had had the Government in their power for many years. They knew how deep and how far the infection had spread. Mr. Slidell said, during the Peace Congress, "There will be no serious fighting." He thought that the hopelessness of fighting would be apparent to the Government. The experience of nine months shows that there was great reason for his feeling so far as the immediate agents of the Government were concerned. The game was to make the defense of the Government appear to be an "abolition" movement; and as all office-holders and the Democratic party hated nothing so much as "abolition," that cry was to confuse and paralyze them.

How signally it failed in the country at large, how party shackles of all kinds fell off, and patriots who had been buried in party came forth like Lazarus from the tomb, casting aside his grave-clothes, is now matter of history. But so far as the *personnel* of the Government was concerned, of which so large a part in the Departments and in the army and navy were born in Secessia or sympathized with secession, the expectations of the rebels were not unfounded.

Therefore it is to be expected that from time to time fresh exposures of treason, even in high places, will be made. The process of purgation, of course, is going on. Mr. Potter's Committee and the logic of events are unmasking traitors. The women, by whose agency so much blood has been shed and wrong done already, are gradually circumvented. "Washington swarms with traitors," we hear. Yes; but Washington will of course swarm with traitors more than any city out of Secessia. It is their native air; and it is the point where they can do most mischief.

UNDER WHICH KING?

IN the recent debate in the House, growing out of Mr. Roscoe Conkling's resolution to ask the Secretary of War to reply a little more satisfactorily touching the battle at Ball's Bluff, two questions were put and answered, which are very significant, for they came from representatives of the extreme right and the extreme left of the friends of the Government and the Union.

Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, who is popularly supposed to be an abolitionist, asked Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, whether he preferred the perpetuation of slavery to that of the Union. Mr. Wickliffe dodged; and made a reply which was not an answer. But Mr. Mallory, also of Kentucky, immediately took up the question, and said: "Presuming I know the feeling of Kentucky, if we considered slavery standing in the way of the Constitution we would not hesitate to wipe out slavery." He added, that "we can not regard slavery as incompatible with the liberty established by our forefathers;" and concluded by asking Mr. Lovejoy whether he "would destroy the Constitution to get rid of slavery?"

Mr. Lovejoy replied that he would not. He only declared that slavery must be destroyed rather than the Constitution and the Union.

What Mr. Lovejoy thinks and means is very clear. Does Mr. Mallory mean that, if slavery threatens the liberty established by our forefathers we can destroy it to save that liberty? Or does he mean, that, as slavery is not incompatible with that liberty, therefore that liberty can not be preserved without maintaining that slavery? Does Mr. Mallory really think that slavery is an essential part of the liberty of the country? Or, as he implies by his remarks, does he hold that slavery is *established*, not merely tolerated or recognized, by the Constitution?

If he does, he takes the ground on which Davis and Breckinridge justify their rebellion.

ARE PERSONS CONTRABAND?

IN his note to M. Mercier, the French Minister, acknowledging the French dispatch on the *Trent* affair, Mr. Seward certainly states the truth very mildly when he says: "While it must be admitted that those three Powers are equally impressed with the same desire for the establishment of principles favorable to neutral rights, there is at the same time not such an entire agreement concerning the application of those principles as is desirable to secure that important object."

Indeed the truth seems to be that there is an entire difference of opinion.

This is sufficiently clear upon one point only. Are persons, not in the military service of the enemy, contraband and liable to seizure? In reply to this question Mr. Seward quotes Sir William Scott: "You may stop the embassador of your enemy on his passage." And in reply to the suggestion that agents of a rebellious movement can not be embassadors, he relies upon "the true test in all cases—namely, the spirit of the law." Mr. Everett, also, quotes the same passage in regard to "the embassador of your enemy upon his passage." To the objection that, as rebellious agents, they are not embassadors, Mr. Everett says: "But on this supposition, the emissaries of a rebellious province, going abroad in quest of foreign succor, *the very case and the very circumstance on which the law of nations is founded that authorizes the arrest of the enemy's embassadors*—could never be seized."

Both these gentlemen, relying upon Vattel and Sir William Scott, hold that rebel emissaries are embassadors of the enemy; therefore contraband: therefore liable to seizure. The lawful method of seizure we do not here discuss.

Upon this point of the contraband of persons the great French authority, De Hautefeuille, entirely differs from the views advanced by Mr. Seward and Mr. Everett. He states the case broadly in this way: "Any ship freighted expressly for the transport of land or sea troops, of recruits for the service of a belligerent, *would not be carrying contraband of war*. It would be guilty of a direct participation in the hostilities: it would lose its neutral character: it would be a belligerent, and if it fell into the hands of the adversary it would share the fate reserved for belligerent vessels—it would be confiscated with all its cargo." By all the treaties, he says, the only isolated persons who can be removed from a neutral vessel are those who are in the military service of the enemy, and then not as contraband, for persons can not become so." And he sums up the French position upon this point as follows: "*First*, that in no case can there exist contraband of war on a neutral vessel sailing between two neutral ports. *Second*, that even if there were contraband of war, the sole right of the cruiser would be to seize the vessel and to carry it into one of the ports of his own country to have it legally sentenced. *Third*, that persons can not, in any case, be considered as contraband of war. *Fourth*, that Messrs. Slidell and Mason, not being in the military service of the Southern Confederation at the moment of their arrest, could not be carried off from the neutral vessel in which they were sailing."

There is evidently "not an entire agreement" in these views. They can be harmonized only by an international Congress. But it is clear that France and the United States will not seriously differ; for Mr. Marcy's improvement upon the Treaty of Paris, that free ships make free goods, and that neutrals between neutral ports are to be visited only to determine that they are such, will in time doubtless become the maritime law of the world. Mr. Seward justly bases his recent action upon the generally acknowledged doctrine of to-day—namely, that the neutral flag covers what is not contraband of war. That is the doctrine of the Treaty of Paris, and that is the latest general law.

FROM ENGLAND.

A FRIEND long resident in Paris writes to the Lounger under date of December 14:

> "We have allowed ourselves to speak very contemptuously of them (the English) sometimes; they will have a chance now to retaliate. At the Guildford Agricultural Society dinner (see *Galignani's Messenger* of this morning) the Rev. G. Portal (rector of Albury), after having urged an effective extermination of the hybrid Germano-Anglo, etc., etc., etc. mixture, gave as a sufficient reason for his sanguinary and Christian counsels that 'a Yankee was as great a parody upon an Englishman as a monkey was upon the human race.' Think of it, my dear fellow, after all you are nothing but a parody!
>
> "Well, if you *are* a parody, you can retaliate and tell t'other that he is a pretext. It is well understood here that they were trying to make a pretext * * * of the *Nashville* and *Harvey Birch* affair when the *Trent* turned up. The Admiralty lawyers were sent for. Their report was that in face of the Queen's proclamation nothing could be said. 'But,' cried out Palmerston, 'by ——, you must cook up something.' They could not; so the common law lawyers tried their skill. 'Why don't you publish their report?' I said to my English friend. 'Oh! d—— it, it was so weak that we could do nothing but make a report of their report. All we wanted was a pretext.'
>
> "My dear friend—I mean my unfortunate parody—if you have any country left at the end of the English crusade, do not call it Anglo-Saxon, or say that liberty is the mission of that race again. * * * The 'pretexts' are the veriest hypocrites and blood-thirsty slaves of Mammon that God's sun has shone upon. Why, this same day's paper contains a nice calculation: when embarrassed by prisoners, one Enfield bullet was enough for *eight Sepoys*; now one Whitfield ditto will finish *eleven and a half* 'parodies.' If you are in the line, pray put yourself at the tail of it!
>
> "I don't know what our movements will be. The pretexts have more that 4000 guns out with us, or on their way (at least by the 8th of January). They count on Baltimore and Annapolis, and a combined movement with the rebels on Washington. Also on Portland, Maine, and the 'indemnity,' of which their official journal talks, is that part and so much of Maine as they consider necessary for Canada. This information is *accurate*." * * * * *

The Rev. G. Portal, rector of Albury, may be a very amiable rural British saint, but his amusing talk is significant only as indicating a public state of mind which could tolerate it. That Great Britain would gladly have accepted a war upon the *Trent* issue is beyond question. That the British nation—partly through willfulness, partly through ignorance and the falsehoods of rebel agents—is sorely inflamed against us, is equally indisputable. But it becomes us, as a nation of superior general intelligence, and resolved upon justice, not to retort by losing our temper; but by calm reply, and incessant and ample preparation, to avoid any collision which may be honorably avoided; and if it can not be, to accept the struggle with the determination that it shall be the last in which these two nations shall engage.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE rudeness of Dr. Parr to ladies was sometimes extreme. To a lady who had ventured to oppose him with more warmth of temper than cogency of reasoning, and who afterward apologized for herself by saying "that it was the privilege of women to talk nonsense." "No, Madam," he replied, "it is not their privilege, but their infirmity. Ducks would walk if they could; but nature suffers them only to waddle!"

A man who cheats in short measure is a measureless rogue. If in whisky, then he is a rogue in spirit. If by falsifying his accounts, then he is an unaccountable rogue. If he gives a bad title to land, then he is a rogue in deed. If he gives short measure in wheat, then he is a rogue in grain.

A lady, suspecting that her female servant was regaling her young man upon the cold mutton of the larder, called Betty and inquired whether she had not heard some one speaking to her down stairs. "Oh no, ma'am," replied the girl, "it was only me singing a psalm." "Well, Betty," replied the lady, "I have no objection to your singing psalms; but let us have no HIMS, Betty—I have a great objection to HIMS."

An Irishman had been sick for a long time, and while in this state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would again come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick asked him: "An' how'll we know, Jemmy, when you're dead—you're afther wakin' up ivery time?" "Bring me a glass o' grog, an' say to me, 'Here's till ye, Jemmy!' an' if I don't rise up an' dhrink, then bury me!"

A bickering pair of Quakers were lately heard in high controversy, the husband exclaiming, "I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!" "But how wilt thou be able to get it?" said the taunting spouse, in "reiteration," which married ladies so provokingly indulge in. "I will keep thee a week after thou are dead!" was the Quaker's rejoinder.

A good story is told of St. Kevin, a religious gentleman, who lived by the fish he caught in the Irish lakes, which shows he was subjected to a severe temptation during one of his piscatorial excursions, but whether he fell into the snare laid for him or not, we do not remember. It seems that a belle of that ilk, named Kate, put the following leading questions to him:

"You're a rare hand at fishing," says Kate.
"It's yourself, dear, that knows how to hook 'em;
But when you have caught 'em, agrah!
Don't you want a young woman to cook 'em?"

A young lady at Notting Hill is so refined in her language that she never uses the word "blackguard," but substitutes "Ethiopian Sentinel."

At the examination of a boy of nine years of age for admission to one of the public schools in a suburban town, the teacher, after a satisfactory result in reading and spelling, asked, "What do you know about the United States?" The youngster promptly replied, "Don't know nothing: nobody does—all gone!"

A countryman in the depths of dyspeptic despair called on a physician. The doctor gave him some plain advice as to his food, making a thorough change, and ended by writing a prescription for some tonic, saying, "Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight." In ten days Giles returned, blooming and happy, the picture of health. The doctor was delighted, and proud of his skill. He asked to see what he had given him. Giles said he had not got it. "Where was it?" "I took it, Sir." "Took it! What have you done with it?" "I *ate* it, Sir! You told me to *take* it!"

An English judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied: "Some succeed by great talent, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

An old bachelor, seeing the words "Families Supplied" over the door of a shop, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

"I say, Bill, what have you done with that horse of your'n?" "Sold him." "What did you sell him for?" "Why, he moved so slow at the last of it, that I got prosecuted half a dozen times for violating the law against standing in the street. The policeman at one time sighted him by a building five minutes, and couldn't see him move."

Not long since a premium was offered by an agricultural society for the best mode of irrigation; and the latter word, by mistake of the printer, having been changed to "irritation," a farmer sent his wife to gain the prize.

A fashionable baronet has said, with no less feeling than high moral sense, "Happy, thrice happy the man who has the means to keep a servant to stretch the tight boots before he wears them himself!"

"Anyt'ing pite you dare?" inquired one Dutchman of another, while engaged in angling. "No, not'ing at all." "Vell!" returned the other, "not'ing pite me too."

"Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said a French nobleman in Paris to a talkative person who was sitting near him at a dinner, and who was constantly suiting the action to the word. "Indeed, my lord," replied the gabbler, "we are so crowded at the table that I do not know where to put my hand." "Put it in your mouth," said the nobleman.

If the cat had wings, no birds would be left in the air. If every one had what he is wishing, who would have any thing?

"What is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable young lady?" "One faces the powder, and the other powders the face."

"Wife, I thought you said you were going to have a goose for dinner?" "So I did? and I've kept my word." "Where is it?" "Why, my dear, ain't you here for dinner?" Smithers couldn't see the point of that joke.

Frederick the Great, after a very terrible engagement, asked his officers, "Who behaved the most intrepidly during the engagement?" The preference was given to himself. "You are all mistaken," replied the King; "the boldest fellow was a fifer, whom I passed twenty times during the contest, and he did not vary a note during the whole time."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, 7th January, in the Senate, petitions for the emancipation of slaves, and for the exchange of prisoners of war, were presented and referred. A resolution was adopted, instructing the Naval Committee to inquire how the practice has prevailed in the navy of making purchases through other than recognized agents, and if such have been made, whether larger prices have been paid. The bill to increase the number of cadets at the West Point Military Academy was then taken up, discussed, and rejected by a vote of twelve yeas against twenty-five nays. Senator Wilson's bill providing for the punishment of army officers, by dismissal from the service, who shall detain fugitive slaves, was taken up. A motion by Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, to indefinitely postpone the subject, was defeated—yeas thirteen, nays twenty-three. The further consideration of the bill was then, on motion of Senator Carlile, of Virginia, postponed for the present.——In the House, the documents relative to the settlement of the *Trent* affair were received from the President. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, expressed his dissatisfaction at the surrender of Mason and Slidell, and predicted that in less than three months we shall be involved in war with Great Britain, or else submit to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy and the breaking up of the blockade. Mr. Thomas, of Massachusetts, justified the capture of the rebel envoys, and said that England did us grievous wrong in demanding their surrender. A lengthy, lively, and interesting discussion ensued, and finally the documents were referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On Wednesday, 8th, in the Senate, resolutions of the Kentucky Legislature, in favor of constructing a railroad to connect Kentucky with loyal East Tennessee and Western North Carolina, were presented by Senator Powell and referred. A series of resolutions adopted by the Kentucky Legislature, assuming the State's quota of the direct national tax, pledging the State to be true and loyal to the Constitution and the Union, protesting against Congressional interference with slavery, and approving the President's modification of General Fremont's proclamation, were also presented by Senator Powell. The Naval Committee reported the House bill providing for the construction of twenty iron-clad steam gun-boats, with an amendment authorizing the President to have the work done, instead of the Secretary of the Navy. This implied censure on the head of the Navy Department created a lively discussion, which continued till the expiration of the morning hour, when the subject was laid aside.——In the House, the Judiciary Committee were authorized to send for persons and examine witnesses relative to the telegraphic censorship of the press; also to compel the production of papers and dispatches sent or proposed to be sent. The Ways and Means Committee was instructed to consider the expediency of reporting a bill at their earliest convenience amending the eighth section of the act of August last, so as to provide for raising $100,000,000 instead of $20,000,000 by direct taxation, and that in this connection they consider the expediency of telegraph and stamp duties, and excise duties upon cotton, tobacco, and all malt and distilled liquors. On motion of Mr. Colfax, a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of taxation for the support of the Government, as follows: One mill per mile on all railroad passenger travel, one-eighth per cent. on all transfers of stock, notes discounted, and bills of exchange; and five dollars docket fee on all suits commenced in any court of record. The Judiciary Committee were instructed to inquire and report as to the Constitutional power of Congress to make Treasury Notes payable on demand a legal tender. Mr. Blair offered a preamble setting forth the action of the French Government relative to the *Trent* affair, and concluding with a joint resolution declaring that the people of the United States are not insensible to the kindness which animated the French Government in its prompt and wise interposition, and for reasserting the principles of international law and neutral rights which have been held by both France and the United States. Mr. Vallandigham, regarding the dispatch of M. Thouvenel as hostile to the United States, called for the yeas and nays on the passage of the resolution. Mr. Lovejoy expressed a desire to debate the resolution, and it was laid over under the rule. Mr. Lovejoy offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Public Lands to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill for the consideration of the House empowering the generals in command of the army who may take possession of any inhabited portion of the rebellious States to appoint commissioners of sequestration, whose duty it shall be: First—To take possession, for the use of the United States, of all property, real and personal, found without owners. Second—To convert all such personal property into money, to be paid into the Treasury of the United States. Third—To sell at auction all homesteads sequestrated. Fourth—To give homesteads not exceeding one hundred and fifty acres to such settlers as shall occupy the same for three years. Fifth—The remainder of the lands to be surveyed and disposed of as other such property of the United States.

On Thursday, 9th, in the Senate, the House resolution in regard to bonded sugar and coffee was passed, by a vote of twenty-three to fifteen. Senator Hale introduced a bill to punish frauds on the Treasury by a fine to the amount of money fraudulently obtained, and imprisonment, at hard labor, for not more than ten years; also, that any officer of the Government convicted of fraud be discharged and punished, and ever after held ineligible for any office. Referred. Bills providing for a Signal Department of the army; to regulate the pay of army officers; organizing the staffs of the divisions of the army; regulating the appointment of chaplains and to allow Jewish chaplains, and to increase the clerical force of the Adjutant-General's office, were presented by the Committee on Military Affairs. The communication from the Secretary of State in regard to the *Trent* affair was then taken up, and Senator Sumner, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, delivered an elaborate exposition of the policy of the Government as regards the settlement of the recent difficulty with Great Britain. At the conclusion of Senator Sumner's remarks the Iron-Clad War Steamer bill was taken up, and the proposed amendment of the Naval Committee, that the ships be built under the direction of the President, instead of the Secretary of the Navy, gave rise to a discussion. The debate was closed by Senator Wilson's offering a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the Secretary of the Navy to report to the Senate the facts in regard to the employment of George B. Morgan to purchase vessels, and the amount of compensation paid him, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, bills to establish an arsenal at Springfield, Illinois; to punish frauds on the Government, and providing for the payment of interest, in certain cases, on claims against the Government, were presented and referred. The bill abolishing the franking privilege was then taken up. After debate, a motion was made to lay the subject on the table, and on this test vote the opponents of the bill were defeated by a vote of fifty-one against seventy-eight. Without further action the House adjourned.

On Friday, 10th, in the Senate, the report of the Judiciary Committee in favor of expelling Waldo P. Johnson and Trusten Polk, Senators from Missouri, who have joined the rebels, was adopted unanimously, and the Vice-President was instructed to notify the Governor of Missouri of this action of the Senate. The motion to refer the credentials of Mr. Stark, the newly-elected member from Oregon, whose loyalty is questioned, to the Judiciary Committee, was then taken up, discussed at some length, and finally adopted by a vote of 28 to 11. The bill organizing the signal department of the army was passed. The bill relative to the appointment of sutlers and defining their duties was taken up. Senator Lane, of Kansas, offered an amendment abolishing the sutler system, as it was a nuisance and an injury to the service. Senator Carlile moved to recommit the bill, with instructions to abolish sutlers and furnish soldiers tobacco rations; but without any action on the motion the subject was dropped.——In the House, a letter was received from the Secretary of War, in which he states that measures have been taken to ascertain who is responsible for the disastrous movement at Ball's Bluff, but that it is not compatible with the public interest to make known those measures at the present time. The paper was referred to the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War. In Committee of the Whole, the Civil Appropriation bill was taken up, and a long discussion ensued on an amendment offered by Mr. Stevens, appropriating $150,000 to supply the deficiency for printing Treasury Notes, in which frauds between the officials of the Treasury and the engravers were charged.

On Monday, January 13, in the Senate, petitions for the emancipation of slaves were presented and referred. The House bill, appropriating $150,000 for completing the defenses of Washington was reported by the Military Committee. The Judiciary Committee reported on the resolution to expel Senator Bright, of Indiana, that, the allegations being insufficient, the resolution do not pass. A motion to take up the bill indemnifying the owners of the British ship *Perthshire*, for damages sustained by reason of illegal capture by the blockading squadron, was disagreed to. Senator Carlile offered a resolution, which was laid over, that the Committee on Finance consider the expediency of providing by direct taxation on all kinds of property for a revenue of two hundred millions of dollars, and issuing bonds for that amount; also for the issuing of bonds to the amount of $800,000,000, and to establish a fiscal agency for New York, etc. Senator King introduced a bill, which was referred, to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to issue Treasury Notes to the amount of $100,000,000, at 7 per cent. interest, and providing for a direct tax of $10,000,000 for the payment of the interest.——In the House, the Army Appropriation Bill was reported, and referred to the Committee of the Whole. Mr. Andrew J. Clements was admitted to a seat as representative from the Fourth District of Tennessee, and was qualified by taking the usual oath. Mr. Dawes delivered a speech showing the frauds that have been perpetrated in the Government contracts, and Mr. Baker, of New York, advocated the passage of a tax bill to realize one hundred millions of dollars. With regard to the Treasury Note Printing appropriation, Mr. Dawes offered an amendment appropriating $150,000 for this service in addition to the former appropriation, provided no part of it be applied in payment or liquidation of any sum due on any existing contract for engraving and printing Treasury bonds or notes. This was agreed to—95 against 44. With regard to the Treasury note engraving, Mr. Dawes moved a similar proviso, appropriating $100,000. Adopted.

RETIREMENT OF SECRETARY CAMERON.

Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, has resigned, and accepted the mission to Russia, from which Cassius M. Clay is about to retire, in order, it is said, to take a command in the army. Mr. Cameron's successor is Edwin M. Stanton, an eminent lawyer from Pennsylvania, and formerly a conspicuous member of the Ohio bar. Mr. Stanton, it will be remembered, was appointed Attorney-General of the United States in December, 1860, when Judge Black was transferred to the State Department, and was one of those members of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet who took the place of the three traitors, Floyd, Thompson, and Cobb.

DEPARTURE OF BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION.

The Burnside expedition, upon which so much of the public interest has been concentrating for some time past, sailed from Hampton Roads very suddenly on Saturday night and Sunday morning, leaving a few vessels behind, no doubt to bring on further reinforcements. The weather there at that time was very pleasant, notwithstanding that it was very foggy and disagreeable here. It may be that the sudden departure of the expedition was decided upon because of the favorable weather, or it may have been the result of some news received by General Burnside.

HUMPHREY MARSHALL'S FORCE SCATTERED.

Intelligence is received, from three different sources, that the second invasion of Eastern Kentucky by the rebels has ended still more disgracefully for them than the first, and that Humphrey Marshall, from whom the rebels expected so much, has failed signally in establishing his reputation as a military leader. On 6th instant Colonel Garfield, in command of the National forces, had advanced up the Big Sandy River as far as Painesville, seven miles from the rebel camp, when he was met by a flag of truce from Marshall, who wished to know if matters could not be arranged without a fight. Colonel Garfield, however, had no arrangement to offer but a fight or an unconditional surrender of the rebel forces. Whereupon Marshall addressed his men, and gave them the choice of scattering or surrendering, and they concluded to scatter, after burning all their wagons, tents, camp equipage, etc. Nothing was taken away by the rebels but their cannon, which were expected to be captured by Colonel Garfield's cavalry, which went immediately in pursuit.

THE MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION.

The news from Cairo and Chicago is to the effect that the advance of the great expedition had commenced a Southward movement, and the main body of the troops had embarked preparatory to leaving. The various brigades were to be placed under the command of Generals Paine, M'Clernand, Smith, and Wallace.

THE STEAMER "PENSACOLA" GONE TO SEA.

The steamer *Pensacola* succeeded in running the blockade of the Potomac on 11th as far as Indian Head, where she remained until 12th, at which time she again started on her way. She was fired at by the rebel batteries, and twenty-two shots were aimed at her, but none hit the mark. She did not return the fire, although heavily laden with cannon and other appliances of war, and fully prepared for hostile service. The safe passage of the vessel is a source of great satisfaction to all parties concerned.

THE WAR IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Our army in Western Virginia continues active. A brilliant affair is announced to have taken place at Bine's Gap, east of Romney, at daybreak on 7th, when a detachment of General Kelley's forces, commanded by Colonel Dunning, of the Fifth Ohio regiment, attacked two thousand of the enemy, routing them completely. The rebels lost fifteen killed, two pieces of cannon, their wagons, etc., and twenty prisoners, including one commissioned officer, were captured. None of the Union soldiers were killed. A force of three hundred Union troops, belonging to the Thirty-second Ohio regiment, under command of Captain Lacey, dispatched by General Milroy into Tucker County, dispersed four hundred rebels, and captured a large quantity of stores, a commissary, a first lieutenant, and a private soldier. Four of the rebels were found dead on the field, and a large number of wounded. At last accounts the Union troops were in hot pursuit of the fugitives.

AFFAIRS AT PORT ROYAL.

A dispatch has been received at the War Department from General Sherman, giving a brief statement of the objects and results of General Stevens's recent expedition from Port Royal Island. The object was to destroy the batteries of the enemy on the Coosaw River, and to punish him for firing into the steamer *Mayflower* on her recent passage through that stream. The expedition was successful in every respect. The rebels were driven off, their batteries demolished, and the property found there either destroyed or brought away. General Stevens is on the main land awaiting reinforcements.

GUN-BOAT SKIRMISH ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

A gun-boat skirmish took place last week near Cairo. It appears that three rebel gun-boats attacked the two Union boats, *Essex* and *St. Louis*, lying off Fort Jefferson; but the fire being returned, the rebel boats retreated, the others following in hot pursuit until the former were sheltered by the guns of the batteries at Columbus. It is believed one of the rebel boats was disabled during the engagement.

GOVERNMENT SALE OF COTTON.

The Government sale of sea-island Cotton, confiscated by the National forces in South Carolina, was made last week. There were, in all, seventy-three bales sold, weighing about 25,700 pounds. The prices paid varied from 63¼ cents for the ginned down to 18 cents for unginned. The total proceeds of the sale were $14,131 12.

DISTRESSES OF THE REBELS.

The Richmond journals are putting forth the most heart-rending appeals to the rebel volunteers, whose time is about expiring, to re-enlist; and proclaiming that the North is about to slaughter and devour the whole South. In the Kanawha region the rebels say they are in a terrible plight; and that if Rosecrans crosses to "Pock's," it will be about up with them. This is a valuable hint for General Rosecrans, now in this town. In East Tennessee, the rebels say the people are rapidly renouncing the Lincoln Government; but it seems they are not entering the rebel service, as a writer from Knox County, which has 3500 voters, says it is "unrepresented in the armies of the South."

LIBERALITY OF VERMONT.

The State of Vermont has opened a bank account for each one of the volunteers from that State, and regularly passes to his credit seven dollars a month. If the money remains undrawn for six months, six per cent. interest is allowed. This makes the pay of the Vermont soldiers twenty dollars a month.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

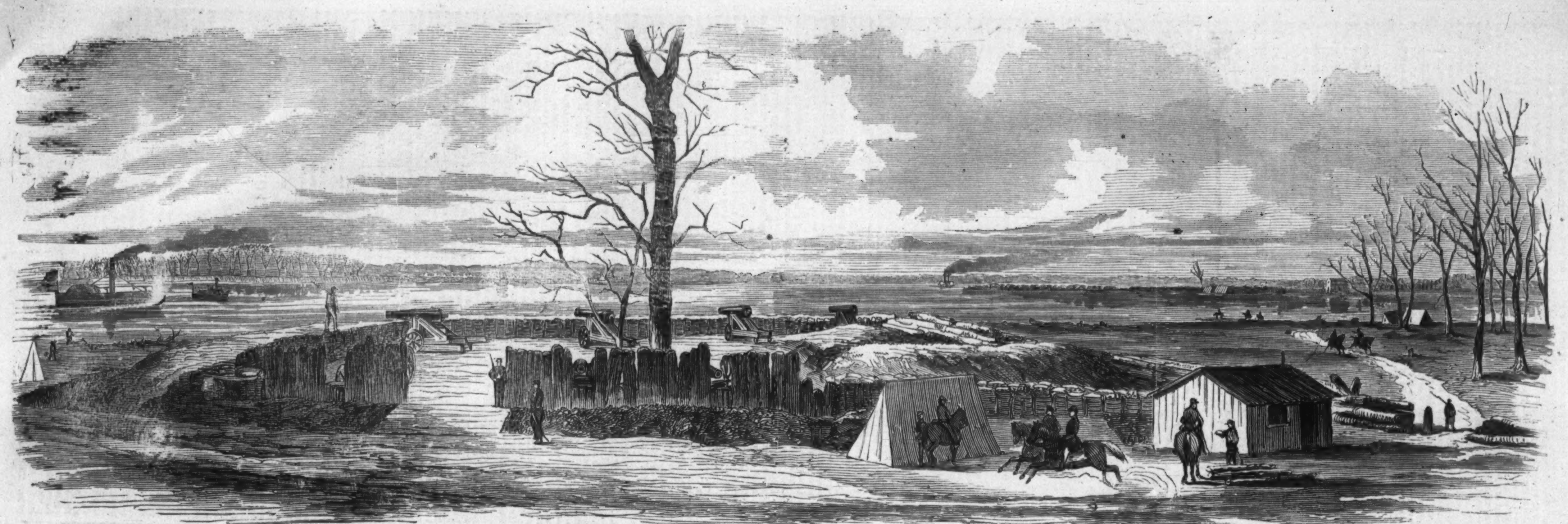
JOHN BULL COOLING DOWN.

THE hot-blooded rush to arms in England has cooled down, and the dread of the horrors of war and dangers to commerce are making themselves manifest, while some are considering the chances of "no war at all," and begin to count the cost of their hostile demonstration. It is asserted that the money expended would have relaid the Atlantic cable, by which means so vast a waste of cash would have been saved. Deputations from several religious bodies, peace societies, and other corporations have waited on the Premier, and memorials have been presented to induce him, if possible, to refrain from war; and arbitration, if not recommended, is broadly hinted at.

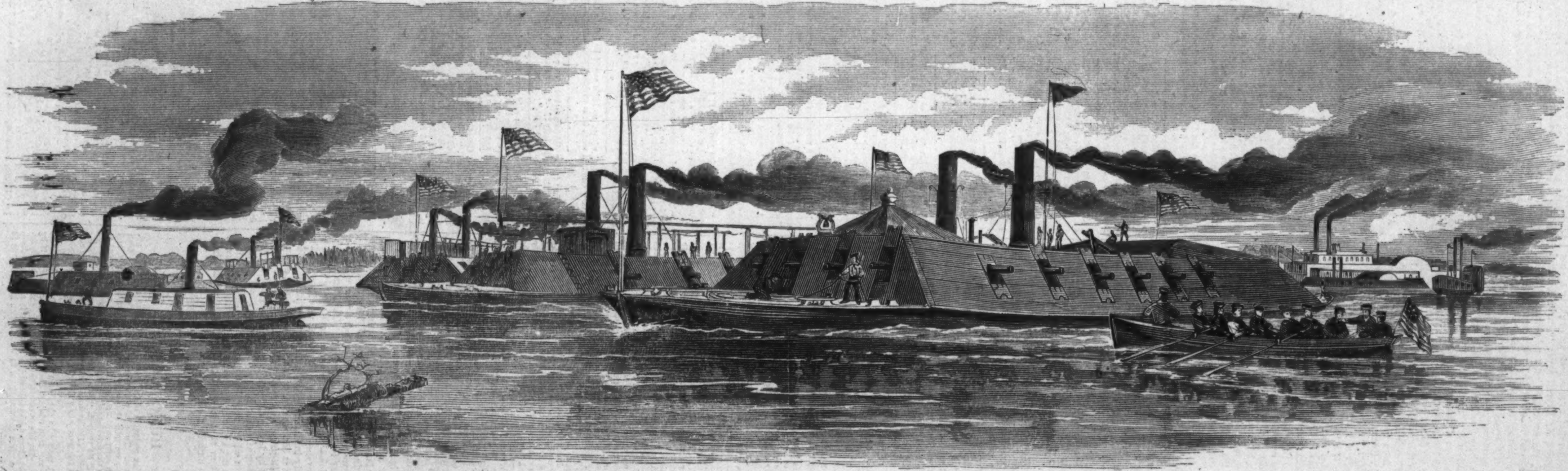
GERMANY.

PRUSSIA AGAINST US.

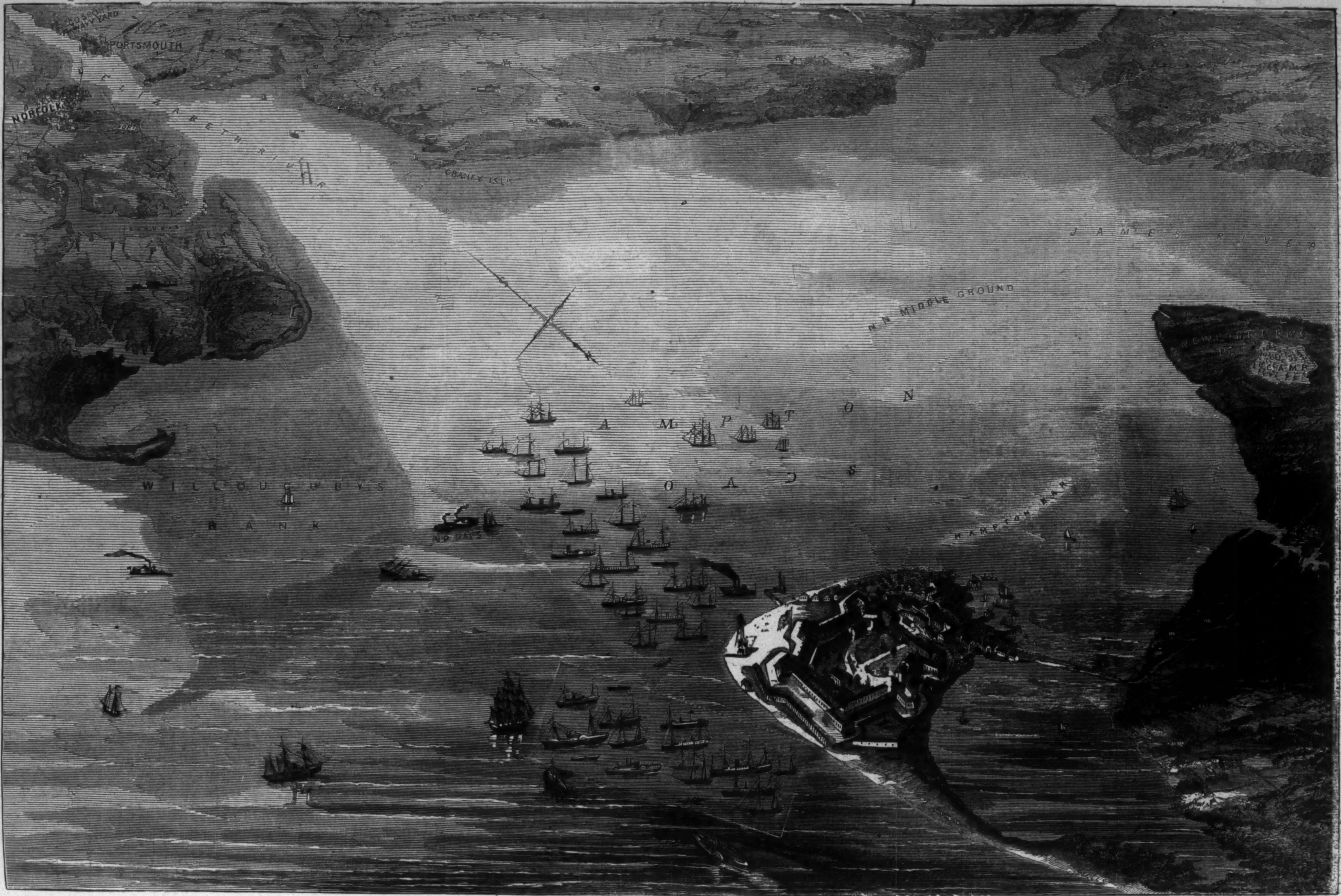
The Government of Prussia has addressed a dispatch to the Minister of Prussia at Washington in reference to the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, condemning the proceeding of the commander of the *San Jacinto*.


Gun-boat Lexington.
Bird's Point.
Mississippi River.
Fort Cairo.
Cairo.
Ohio River.

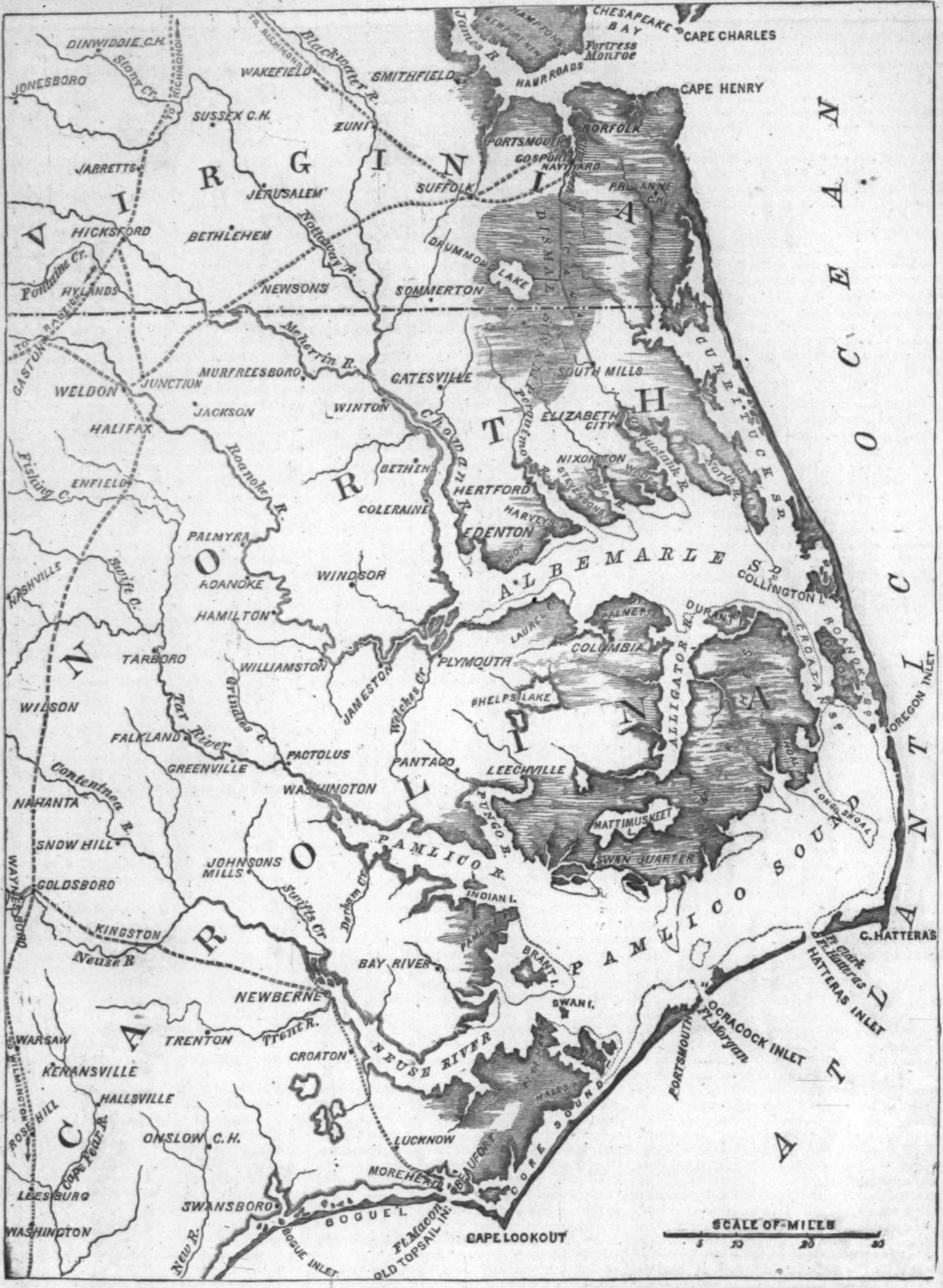
FORT HOLT, KENTUCKY, OPPOSITE CAIRO.—[SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]


Mound City.
Essex.
Cairo.
St. Louis.
Louisville.
Flag-ship Benton.
Pittsburg.
Lexington.

COMMODORE FOOTE'S GUN-BOAT FLOTILLA ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 62.]


GOSPORT NAVY YARD
PORTSMOUTH
NORFOLK
FORT
ELIZABETH RIVER
CRANEY ISLD
FLATS
JAMES RIVER
N N MIDDLE GROUND
NEWPORT NEWS PT
U.S. CAMP
HAMPTON ROADS
HAMPTON BAR
WILLOUGHBYS BANK
RIP RAPS

BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE VESSELS COMPOSING THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION AT FORTRESS MONROE, AND SHOWING NORFOLK AND ITS APPROACHES.—[See Page 60.]


CHESAPEAKE BAY
CAPE CHARLES
CAPE HENRY
Fortress Monroe
HAMPTON
HAW ROADS
James R.
DINWIDDIE C.H.
JONESBORO
WAKEFIELD
SMITHFIELD
Blackwater R.
SUSSEX C.H.
ZUNI
PORTSMOUTH
NORFOLK
GOSPORT NAVY YARD
JARRETTS
JERUSALEM
SUFFOLK
PR. ANNE C.H.
HICKSFORD
BETHLEHEM
Nottoway R.
DRUMMOND LAKE
NEWSONS
SOMMERTON
HYLANDS
Fontaine Cr.
GASTON
Meherrin R.
MURFREESBORO
WELDON
JUNCTION
GATESVILLE
SOUTH MILLS
JACKSON
WINTON
Chowan R.
HALIFAX
ELIZABETH CITY
Roanoke R.
NIXONTON
ENFIELD
Fishing C.
BETHEN
HERTFORD
COLERAINE
EDENTON
HARVEYS
PALMYRA
ROANOKE
WINDSOR
ALBEMARLE SD.
COLLINGTON I.
NASHVILLE
HAMILTON
CURRITUCK SD.
North R.
ROANOKE I.
OREGON INLET
TARBORO
WILLIAMSTON
PLYMOUTH
COLUMBIA
ALLIGATOR R.
JAMESTON
Welches Cr.
PHELPS LAKE
WILSON
Tar River
FALKLAND
PACTOLUS
PANTAGO
LEECHVILLE
GREENVILLE
WASHINGTON
Contentnea Cr.
NAHANTA
MATTIMUSKEET
LONG SHOAL
SNOW HILL
PUNGO R.
SWAN QUARTER
JOHNSONS MILLS
PAMLICO R.
PAMLICO SOUND
GOLDSBORO
INDIAN I.
C. HATTERAS
Ft. Clark
Ft. Hatteras
HATTERAS INLET
KINGSTON
Neuse R.
BAY RIVER
BRANT I.
NEWBERNE
SWAN I.
OCRACOCK INLET
Ft. Morgan
PORTSMOUTH
WARSAW
TRENTON
Trent R.
CROATON
NEUSE RIVER
KENANSVILLE
HALLSVILLE
ONSLOW C.H.
Cape Fear R.
LUCKNOW
CORE SOUND
ROSE HILL
WILMINGTON
MOREHEAD
BEAUFORT
LEESBURG
SWANSBORO
BOGUE I.
BOGUE INLET
New R.
WASHINGTON
Ft. Macon
OLD TOPSAIL IN.
CAPE LOOKOUT
VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
SCALE OF MILES
5 10 20 30

MAP SHOWING PAMLICO AND ALBEMARLE SOUNDS, AND THE APPROACHES TO NORFOLK FROM THE SOUTH.

MICHAEL THE DRAGOON.

In the year '49 I was major in the dragoon regiment of which I have now the honor to be colonel; but, owing to the great loss of officers in the early part of the Hungarian campaign, was virtually then in command. The rebels knew our weak point. They were aware that men could be supplied to the Austrian army in any number; but that to cripple us effectually they had only to pick off the officers, and we were at their mercy. This plan they accordingly carried out. None of us ever expected to see nightfall when we went into action. Thus it happened that, though but a young man at the time, I was senior officer of the Lichtenstein regiment, as fine a body of men, I venture to say, as are to be found in the service.

We had suffered a good deal since the beginning of the war, and our force was reduced from its original strength of one thousand to about seven hundred and fifty sabres; but the men were true as steel, and eager to revenge the death of their comrades. The time of which I am going to speak was the latter end of March, immediately after the battle of Szolnok, a town upon the right bank of the Theiss, before which we had just sustained a tremendous defeat. Prince Windischgrätz, the Austrian commander, was falling back as rapidly as possible upon the river, and the Hungarians, under Görgei, were in hot pursuit. Though much cut up, our fellows did not lose heart, and the retreat was conducted with tolerable order.

My Lichtensteins led the advance. With us marched a corps of engineers and the wagons carrying pontoons, upon which it was intended to cross the river. Behind us we could hear the distant thunder of the guns, which told of the stubborn resistance still offered by our comrades to the Hungarian pursuit. We had arrived upon the bank, and were making every preparation to construct the bridge, when an orderly with dispatches dashed up to the front and inquired for me. He was the bearer of an order to lead the cavalry immediately across the river, as the Prince had received information that Szentes, a petty market town of purely local importance, separated by a small wood from the left bank of the Theiss, was held by a considerable force of the enemy, who might embarrass the passage of the army next morning, or at any rate keep us in check until Görgei came up, when, taken between two fires, our utter annihilation seemed certain. If, on the contrary, we could manage to put the river between us and our pursuers, we should be secure, for their hastily-raised levies were unprovided with the means of crossing its rapid stream. I was therefore to reconnoitre Szentes, and carry it at all hazards before the arrival of the Prince.

To read was to obey. Leaving the engineers to construct the bridge, I summoned my men, and as there was no time to look for a ford, they were compelled to swim the river. Some loss was experienced in the transit; a few were carried away by the violence of the current, but nearly all finally reached the left bank in safety. It was now dusk. Parties were sent out instantly to reconnoitre the town, pickets were thrown into the wood, and we got ready for immediate action if the report of the scouts should render it advisable.

Now I should state that, though the majority of the Lichtensteiners were men upon whom I could implicitly depend, there were some few Hungarians in the regiment in whose fidelity to their oath I did not place perfect trust. I had had no particular reason for this doubt; all the men had fought well and bravely in the actions which had occurred, and no signs of disaffection to the Emperor had been noted. Still I thought it best to be upon my guard, and had, therefore, some days back, privately desired the captains to see that none of those whom I distrusted were appointed to any important charge. They were especially forbidden to place them on pickets. The arrangement had worked well; none of the Hungarians were told off for outpost duty; or, if they were, always in company with others whose fidelity was unimpeachable; and the men were believed not to have perceived the precaution. In accordance with this rule I was justified in supposing that the pickets now in the wood between us and Szentes were all well-affected men.

Toward nine o'clock our scouts returned. They brought with them a couple of peasants whom they had found gathering twigs and fallen branches in the wood. Two active Bohemians, well acquainted with the language, had changed clothes with the prisoners, and by this means penetrated without trouble into the town. They reported it occupied by about one thousand men, mostly peasants, armed with scythes and flails. The news of our defeat at Szolnok had apparently not yet reached them; but although no suspicion of our vicinity appeared to be entertained, too many were about to render an immediate attack prudent. I called the officers together, and we agreed to assault at midnight. The men were dismissed for a couple of hours to get their suppers and obtain a little rest after their laborious day's march. A very short time elapsed before the troops had their fires lighted and the camp-kettles swinging over the cheerful blaze. Some superintended the cooking, while others picketed the horses, and refreshed the poor brutes with water and such scanty forage as was at hand.

I have seldom seen a more picturesque scene than our little bivouac presented to me as I lay wrapped in my cloak by the fire, enjoying my after-supper pipe. The night, though cold, was fine but dark. As there was no moon, all the light afforded by the sky was given by the stars, which seemed to shine out with unusual brilliancy. Before me rolled the rapid waters of the Theiss, across which came the clink of the pontoniers' hammers, as the bridge grew beneath their practiced hands. Around us the men were mostly sleeping, for the poor fellows were tired with the forty-mile march from Szolnok. The flickering blaze of the fires was thrown up against the dark back-ground of wood and thicket, and brought out here and there in strong relief the figure of some energetic spirit, who, too excited to rest, was pacing to and fro, and meditating, perhaps, whether the next hour or two might not see the close of his earthly career. I felt convinced that the peasants with whom we should have to deal in attacking Szentes would fight desperately enough, and that no easy task lay before us; but I had great confidence in the terrors of a night surprise, and little fear as to the result.

It might have been about half past ten, and, with the exception of the sounds of which I have spoken, quiet reigned around the fires. My pipe had dropped from my lips, and I was lapsing into slumber, when a loud shout from the wood—the well-known "Eljen!" of the Hungarians—started every one of us to his feet in an instant. A rush was made to the horses, but long before one-half of the force were in their saddles the Philistines were upon us.

From three parts of the wood at once a column of dark forms, dimly seen by the light of the expiring watch-fires, broke with shouts and cries upon the Lichtensteiners nearest to them, and the work of death began. Though taken thoroughly by surprise, and mostly roused from sleep, the conduct of officers and men, I may be excused for saying, could not have been surpassed. Those who had not yet mounted fell rapidly into formation, and opposed a front to the assailants, which the desperate rush of the latter found it impossible to break; while gathering quickly together the portion of the force which had gained the saddle, we swept down upon the enemy, charging through their uneven line again and again as if it had been so much pasteboard. A quarter of an hour decided the struggle. The daring valor of the ill-armed peasants was no match for the disciplined intelligence of the perfectly-accoutred Lichtensteiners, and the assailants withdrew into the wood, leaving fully half their number upon the field, with the pursuing cavalry adding every moment to the roll of the slain.

As it would have been rash to follow up the pursuit without some further knowledge of the enemy we were encountering, I gave orders to sound the recall. The required information was soon gained from a wounded Hungarian, of whom we learned that our assailants were the Szentes men, who, having become aware of our vicinity—though from what source our informant could not, or would not, say—had entertained the same opinion as I had done of the efficacy of a night surprise, and had hoped to drive us into the Theiss.

As there was now no reason for delaying the assault of the town, and we might hope for easy victory after the advantage we had gained, I ordered instant advance. During the march I ascertained that our loss had been severe. Upward of eighty of the Lichtensteiners were hors de combat, and, although the Hungarian dead could be counted by hundreds, the latter fact in no degree lessened our exasperation. What seemed most unaccountable was the completeness of the surprise. The Hungarian "Eljen!" had been the first notification of an enemy's approach. Neither of the outposts stationed in the wood—one indeed almost within gunshot of the town—had given the least sign of alarm. Unless treachery had been at work, how was this to be explained? The reason for the silence of the two sentinels nearest to the Theiss was cleared up as we reached the spots where the poor fellows had been posted. Both had fallen, having probably been taken unawares by peasants gliding through the brush-wood. This I afterward ascertained to have been the case. Here, at any rate, were two of the men, both slain at their posts; but where was the third? His horse was found tied to a tree; his pistols, undischarged, were in the holsters; but the sentinel himself was not to be found. One inference only could be drawn. He must have deserted, and it was to the information given by him that we were indebted for the Hungarian attack.

Further inquiry, as rapidly pursued as the circumstances would admit, brought out the suspicious fact that the missing sentinel was one of the men upon whom I had given orders to keep a watchful eye. He was a Hungarian, named Michael Szelády, a smart soldier, and, saving his nationality, a man with whom no possible fault could be found. He had been three years in the regiment, and was never suspected of political leanings toward his countrymen. Except upon this ground, however, no reason could be assigned for his desertion. Time would not allow of investigating the cause for infringing my orders, that no important charge was to be intrusted to this man, for by the time I fully ascertained these facts we were already emerging from the wood and sighted the town.

Half the men were ordered to dismount and advance at once to the attack, while a squadron was sent round to assault the other side of the town. The loss which the insurgents had sustained upon the bank of the Theiss had, however, been so severe that little resistance was offered. A feeble barricade of carts, and similar materials had been thrown up in the main street, but it was easily surmounted by the active assailants, who swarmed over it like cats, and sabred the defenders where they stood. The few who did oppose our entrance fought well enough, but their number was small, and when our comrades charged upon their rear a hasty flight dispersed even this scanty band. The Lichtensteiners were so irritated at the disturbance of their bivouac that they gave little quarter. The officers had difficulty in dissuading them from firing the town; but not even the most positive orders could prevent their pillaging the houses, and destroying every valuable too unwieldly to be carried away. I must confess that I took little pains to enforce strict discipline, for the loss of so large a number of my men had aroused in me also some spirit of revenge.

An hour perhaps had passed in plundering the town when I gave orders to sound the assembly in the market-place. The men came straggling in, a few bringing prisoners, from whom it was thought important information might be gained, but all with as much booty as they could manage to collect. While the roll was being called, lights were placed in the windows of the houses looking upon the square, and lanterns attached to poles were hung up at the corners to enable us to guard against another surprise. While this was being done, my attention was directed to a house presenting a different appearance from any of the rest; large and high, built of stone, with the doors fast closed and windows dark, it seemed at first as if deserted. No answer being given to our summons, an attempt was made to force the door, but its massive character defied violence, and I was on the point of calling off the men from wasting valuable time upon what, after all, was probably unimportant, when one of the sergeants came to tell me that the house belonged to Gregor Szelády, the syndic of the town, who was believed to be on his death-bed. The name being that of the missing sentry, made me send for the prisoner who had given the information, and learning, further, that the syndic had a son, Michael, in the Austrian cavalry—although the man did not know in what regiment—I naturally presumed that the deserter had taken refuge with his family.

A bag of gunpowder was fastened to the door, and being exploded by a short train, speedily blew it inward. Headed by an officer, a strong party rushed into the house, and began their search. They had not long to seek. In a back room on the ground-floor, the whole family was assembled—the syndic lying dead upon a bed in the corner, having apparently just expired; some females and Michael Szelády grouped in speechless sorrow around the corpse. The entrance of our party aroused them from their stupor; the women threw themselves before the deserter, and called loudly to him to make his escape. Michael rushed to the window, and before our men could push the women aside, had thrown it open and jumped out. He was instantly followed, and after a long chase among the out-buildings in the rear of the premises, was captured and brought back into the room.

"Bring him out to the Major, men," said the officer. "His case will soon be settled. Ten paces and a firing party for the deserter."

"Oh! spare him, my lord!" exclaimed one of the females, an elderly woman, throwing herself with clasped hands at the officer's feet. "Spare the poor boy! He never meant to desert. It was to ask his dying father's last blessing that he left his post, and we persuaded him. Oh, spare the boy!"

The two other women—a couple of handsome, dark-eyed girls—one of whom was Michael's sister, the other his cousin and betrothed, followed the mother's example, and joined loudly in her supplications. Michael himself never uttered a word.

"A likely story," returned the officer, "but no matter. The facts are clear enough. Even if what you say were true, I have no power to save the man. Out of the way there! Now, men—forward—march!"

As he spoke he pushed Michael's cousin, who was nearest to him, aside more roughly perhaps than he needed to have done. She was thrown off her balance, and falling forward cut her mouth against his heavy riding-boot. The blood gushed over her face, and stained her light-colored dress. The sight roused Michael to fury. With a vehement curse he swung himself loose from the men who held him, rushed upon the officer, tore the sabre from his hand, and cut him down before the others of the party had time to interfere. He was disarmed and pinioned in a moment, however, and brought out just as the noise of the scuffle and the shrieks of the women had induced me to order in more men.

When Szelády appeared outside, followed by two men supporting the wounded officer, it was with difficulty I could keep the Lichtensteiners from rushing upon their former comrade and killing him. I should have been justified under the circumstances in ordering out a party and shooting him without delay, but preferring to give the man a hearing, I assembled the officers for a drumhead court-martial, and proceeded to try Michael Szelády for the grave military crimes of desertion and wounding his superior.

The facts were clear and unmistakable. I was particularly anxious to learn how it had happened that Szelády had been placed on outpost duty contrary to especial orders; the inquiry showed how curiously accident sometimes frustrates our most carefully-laid plans. Although the sergeants were prohibited from placing certain men on sentry, it was yet politic to prevent the men themselves from perceiving they were objects of suspicion, and they were therefore placed in regular order upon the rota with the rest, but it was so contrived that something always occurred to prevent their taking turn of duty. In the present instance, Szelády stood third on the list, but when the sentries were posted in the wood it was found that No. 1 was missing, having been drowned in passing the Theiss; No. 2 was disabled by a kick from the charger of one of his comrades while riding in the dark among the trees; and the sergeant called forward No. 3 because he had literally no better man available. It was indispensable that a smart soldier should occupy the post; it was only to be held for a short time; and the good character of Szelády in the regiment, with his apparent want of sympathy with the rebels, added to the reasons prevalent with the sergeant for infringing the order. It should be added that no one had the slightest suspicion of Michael's having relatives in Szentes.

The case against the prisoner was apparently unanswerable. He had left his post in presence of the enemy, occasioning by negligence, if not by treachery, heavy loss to the regiment; he had tried to escape when discovered, and had severely wounded his officer when captured. The unanimous sentence of the court was, Guilty upon all the charges; the judgment—Death.

Before passing sentence, I, as president of the court, addressed the prisoner, and told him we were willing to hear any explanation he might have to offer. Szelády had listened to the proceedings thus far in apparent stupor. It evidently seemed to him so inexplicable that he should be arraigned upon so frightful a charge as having treacherously caused the death of his comrades, that he had scarcely been able hitherto to realize the horror of his position. He roused up a little, however, at my address, and after a short pause began to speak. I remember his words well, for his speech struck me as one of remarkable ability for a man in his station.

"Major and gentlemen," said he, saluting the court, "I know that whatever I may say won't be of any use, for it seems as if every thing was against me. I must die by my comrades' fire as a coward and a traitor, where I'd willingly have given every drop of blood in my body to have saved even one of them. I'm not afraid of death, I've looked him too often in the face for that; but I do shudder at the thought that those by whose side I've lived and fought for years will curse my memory after I'm gone. That's a dreadful thing to die with upon one's mind, and more than all, because as I hope for everlasting salvation, I'm as innocent of the charges brought against me as any one of your honors can be. Except that I cut down the lieutenant—I did that, it's true; but I put it to you, gentlemen, whether if any of you were to see the girl you loved struck aside and injured, you wouldn't have acted as I did? But that's not the point so much as the charge that by leaving my post I betrayed my comrades. That's what weighs upon my mind, and it's that in particular I want to explain.

"When the sergeant left me on sentry I dismounted, feeling cold, tied my horse to a tree, and marched up and down for, I dare say, a matter of an hour, looking every now and then at the town here, where the lights in the windows were gradually disappearing, and every thing getting quiet. I was thinking we should have an easier job in surprising the place than we had fancied, and you may be sure it was the very last of my thoughts that any one I cared a pipe of tobacco about was among the inhabitants. I hadn't heard from home for months—in fact, since the beginning of the war—and not the least idea my poor father had removed here entered my mind.

"As I said, Major, I marched up and down about an hour, when I thought I heard a rustle in the bushes near. 'Halt!' thinks I, 'let's keep quiet a bit, and see who goes there.' So I stepped behind the tree to which my horse was tied, and watched. In a minute or two out came a woman, whose face I couldn't see for her hood, and she was making off toward the town, when I sung out to her to stop, or I should fire. She started, as you may suppose, to see a soldier so near, when she didn't know there was one within miles of the place, and waited till I came up to her. I was just asking what brought her into the wood at that time of night, and telling her she was my prisoner, when she gave a scream, called out my name, and jumped upon my neck. Then, Major, I discovered she was my cousin, Carlin Karobyi, to whom I was promised before I had to serve. From her I heard that my father and all the family had come to Szentes a year ago; that he had been chosen syndic, and was now very ill; that she had been sent by my mother to a place some miles away to fetch a celebrated herb-doctor who had made some wonderful cures, as a last hope; but that she found he had been killed and his house plundered by Jellachich's Croats the day before, and was now getting back to Szentes as fast as she could.

"You may think, gentlemen, what terrible news this was to me. First, my father was very ill, and not likely to survive the night; next, my mother and sister and poor Carlin in a place we were going to attack, and I knowing only too well what they might expect from the Lichtensteiners when their blood was up. Carlin begged and prayed me to come with her into the town to see my father once more before he died; and when I told her it was impossible I could leave my post, she assured me that I should soon be back again and nothing need be found out. Then I began to think, too, the thing might be managed, if she could only get me into the town without being seen; for that, if I could not get back in time it would be thought, when the advance took place, that I had fallen in with the rest, and I should then be able to protect the women after the town was taken. In talking with Carlin we had got near Szentes, and I clean forgot all about my horse being tied to the tree, and that being found there I should be thought to have deserted.

"Well, gentlemen, to make my story short, I agreed to go with Carlin, as she promised I should be back in half an hour. The lights were all out as we got into the place; there wasn't a soul stirring, and we reached my father's house unseen. When we entered, Carlin told my mother and sister that I had come with her, and after a bit I went in to my father. How they found out in the town that the Lichtensteiners were in the wood and on the bank of the river I don't know. Perhaps my mother can tell you. All I do know is that my father kept fast hold of my hand till he died, and wouldn't let me go. And the first I knew of the attack was from the firing outside, and afterward the trumpet sounding the assembly. Then came the lieutenant and our men, and you know what has just happened."

Rather to test the truth of Szelády's story for my own satisfaction than for any benefit its confirmation would be to him, I summoned the mother, and tried to discover from her how our occupation of the wood had become known in Szentes. From her statement it appeared that a neighbor, who was in the house when Carlin Karobyi told her aunt and cousin of Michael's arrival, must have overheard the story and communicated it to the leaders of the peasants in the town. Michael's account of the reason which had brought him to Szentes was, therefore, very probably true, and he was absolved from the black treachery of having intentionally betrayed his comrades; but the fact of his having undoubtedly abandoned his post was established by his own confession, and it was certainly through his negligence that the attack took place. The wound of his superior officer, again, although inflicted under great provocation, was an inexcusable crime. I felt much sympathy with the man on account of the trying circumstances into which he had been thrown, but pity could not be permitted to override duty. Sentence was therefore pronounced; the only indulgence the court could permit being its postponement for an hour, to enable the prisoner to take leave of his relatives and prepare for death.

Szelády was placed for safe custody in a stable adjoining his father's house, a sentry being posted at the door. His mother, sister, and cousin—who, after the first shock, bore his sentence with a composure which seemed to me strangely unfeeling at the time—were to be admitted to him in succession, and after they had taken their farewell a priest, who had been captured in the town, would administer the last rites of religion and attend him to the place of execution. The interview with his mother and sister was soon over; that with his cousin lasted longer—so long, in fact, that the priest interrupted them before it was concluded. Just before the expiration of the hour, the priest came to me with a request from the prisoner to be permitted to see Carlin once more, but without witnesses, as he had a last message to deliver to her. Willing to afford the poor fellow whatever indulgence was in my power, I assented to his request. The priest sought Carlin, brought her to the door of the stable, and closed it upon her. Some time having passed without the return of the girl, the priest again went in to hasten the parting.

He came out presently with a very serious look, saying, "Poor souls, poor souls! It is hard for them to part. Grant them a few minutes longer. I go to comfort the bereaved mother."

He walked away. A quarter of an hour passed, and still no sign. Longer delay could not be permitted, and a corporal with a file of men were sent in to bring out the prisoner. They had scarcely entered, however, before a shout was heard within, and the corporal rushed out, exclaiming, "Treachery! Michael has escaped; and the girl, too, has disappeared!"

"Escaped!" I ejaculated. "Impossible! Surround the place, and look to the priest!"

We hurried into the stable, searched it in every corner, turned over the bundles of hay and straw it contained, and even looked into the racks and mangers, but in vain. Neither Michael nor Carlin were to be found. His mother and sister and the priest had also mysteriously vanished, and it was evident that the repeated interviews were nothing but a device to gain time for the confederates to complete their arrangements. Though naturally annoyed at having been so thoroughly duped, I can not say that I felt particularly sorry to be relieved from a painful duty. Had Michael remained, the sentence passed upon him must have been executed; and being persuaded that the story he had told was true, my feelings had pulled hard in one direction, while discipline and the articles of war had tugged just as vehemently in another. Michael was now, however, gone, and I was not hypocrite enough to affect much grief at his escape. The only mystery I should have been glad to solve, was, in what way his escape had been effected.

Time, however, would not allow of our devoting much pains to its discovery. News was received that the advanced-guard of the Prince's force had crossed the Theiss, and was now passing the wood. I gave orders for instantly evacuating Szentes, and the Lichtensteiners resumed their position at the head of the retreating army. I may here state that the passage of the river was only just effected in time. Görgei's force debouched upon the right bank as the last of our corps was still upon the bridge, and it was under a heavy fire, and with the loss of many of the engineers, that our men succeeded in detaching the pontoons, and thus depriving Görgei of the means of following us beyond the Theiss. Two days later we fell in with strong reinforcements under General Vetter, which placed us again in a position to hold our own in the next encounter.

In the year '55, long after I had forgotten the mysterious escape of Michael Szelády, I was again on campaign with my regiment. This time, however, the service in which we were engaged was far less hazardous than that of attempting to subdue the revolted Hungarians. The Lichtensteiners formed part of the corps d'armée under Count Caronini, sent by Austria to occupy Moldavia and Wallachia, the Danubian Principalities, during the Crimean war. Except an occasional brush with some turbulent villagers, we saw little actual service; and yet it was during one of these small expeditions that the mystery which had hitherto involved the events I have just detailed was cleared up.

Intelligence had been received at Bucharest that the inhabitants of a Moldavian village had risen against a company of Croat infantry quartered on them, owing to some offense given, I fear, by our men. The Moldavians had besieged the barracks, set them on fire, and slaughtered every man spared by the flames. Orders were given me to see to the suppression of the disturbance, and to bring the ringleaders to justice. Two squadrons of the Lichtensteiners had been considered sufficient for this purpose, and I had ridden out with my servant—a man who had attended me for many years—toward a little inn upon the frontier, where I had given the commander of the expedition rendezvous.

It happened that we had never been in this part of the country before. The inhabitants were peaceable and quiet, and our duties brought us chiefly into contact with people of a different sort. It was not singular, then, that after crossing a wide tract of hilly country, we strayed from the bridle-road, and in endeavoring to regain it bewildered ourselves so thoroughly that we had not the remotest idea in what direction it was to be sought. In this dilemma I desired my attendant to ride up to a farm-house I saw at the end of a valley we were then traversing, and inquire the way to the frontier inn. The man rode off, was absent a considerable time, and at length returned with a curious smirk on his countenance.

"I've made a strange discovery up there, Colonel," he said. "An old acquaintance of your honor owns that farm-house, and a good bit of land hereabouts, he tells me."

"Indeed, Oscar!" I replied. "Who is it? What is his name?"

"Michael Szelády, your honor," answered Oscar.

"Szelády!—what!—our deserter from Szentes?" I exclaimed. "Are you sure you are not mistaken?"

"Positive, Colonel," returned Oscar; "and he bade me say that if you would only please to favor him with a visit, he should consider it the greatest honor that could happen to him. But here he comes."

He pointed to the farm-house, and as he spoke a stout, well-dressed farmer, mounted upon a fine bay, rode toward us. Oscar was right—it really was Szelády. The ex-dragoon saluted me respectfully, and invited me very cordially to rest a few hours at his farm, promising to guide me himself afterward to the frontier inn of which I was in search. When we arrived at the farm-house, a comely smiling woman, in whom I had little difficulty in recognizing Carlin, came to meet us, with an infant in her arms, and two other urchins shyly clinging to their mother's dress. Michael presented me to his wife and children, and conducted me into his house.

After an excellent dinner, succeeded by some capital wine and cigars, I requested Michael to tell me by what means he and Carlin had succeeded in making their escape from the stable at Szentes. I assured him that he might confide in me without fear. Although an Austrian army occupied the country, he was now beneath the protection of the Turkish flag, and I should not demand his extradition.

"I am sure of that, Colonel," returned Michael. "I didn't serve three years among the Lichtensteiners without learning the difference between an officer and a gentleman, and a scoundrel who betrays poor wretches for the price of blood. If I had not felt easy upon that score I should never have made myself known to Oscar there, whom I recognized as an old comrade the moment he rode up.

"You ask how Carlin and I made our escape. Well, the fact is, we never made our escape at all, but were in the stable, or rather *under* it, all the time you were searching for us. You may well look surprised; but this is how it came about. In many of the houses in Hungarian towns—particularly those of the better class, and of ancient date—there is generally some secret place large enough to be used for purposes of concealment. In my father's house at Szentes, this was a chamber situated beneath the stable, filled with piles of brushwood and fagots, and communicating with one of the stalls by a trap-door, artfully let into the floor, behind one of the partitions. The thing was so cleverly arranged that you might have looked long without finding it even if you had known of its existence, but in the hurry and surprise which must have followed our unexpected disappearance, it was almost certain to elude discovery.

"My mother told me about this place when she visited me in the stable, but our great difficulty was to find an opportunity of raising the trap secure from intrusion, and to restore it after leaving to its old position. For this purpose the priest, an old friend of my father, laid the little plot of reintroducing Carlin, and then after a bit coming back to see if our interview was finished. At his second visit he replaced the trap behind the partition, swept the earth and litter back over the spot, and made the best of his way out of the town with my mother and sister.

"Carlin and I waited below until the troops had quitted Szentes, and did not venture to leave our concealment until we found the town in Görgei's possession. We agreed that Hungary, henceforth, was no place for me. My mother collected her property, and we came over to Moldavia, where I purchased this farm and married Carlin. We live here happily and in comfort, and are very prosperous; and here we hope, if Providence will, to pass the remainder of our days."

I repeated my assurance to Michael that I should do nothing to disturb his happiness, and cautioned Oscar to be careful not to let fall any hints among his comrades. My caution was probably superfluous, as I judged from Oscar's significant grin in reply that Michael had already adopted means to insure his silence. Still he promised inviolable secrecy, and he will be the more likely to keep his promise, as when I last heard of him he too had passed under the sceptre of the Sultan, having married Michael's sister, and settled as a horse-breeder near his brother-in-law, among the Moldavian hills.

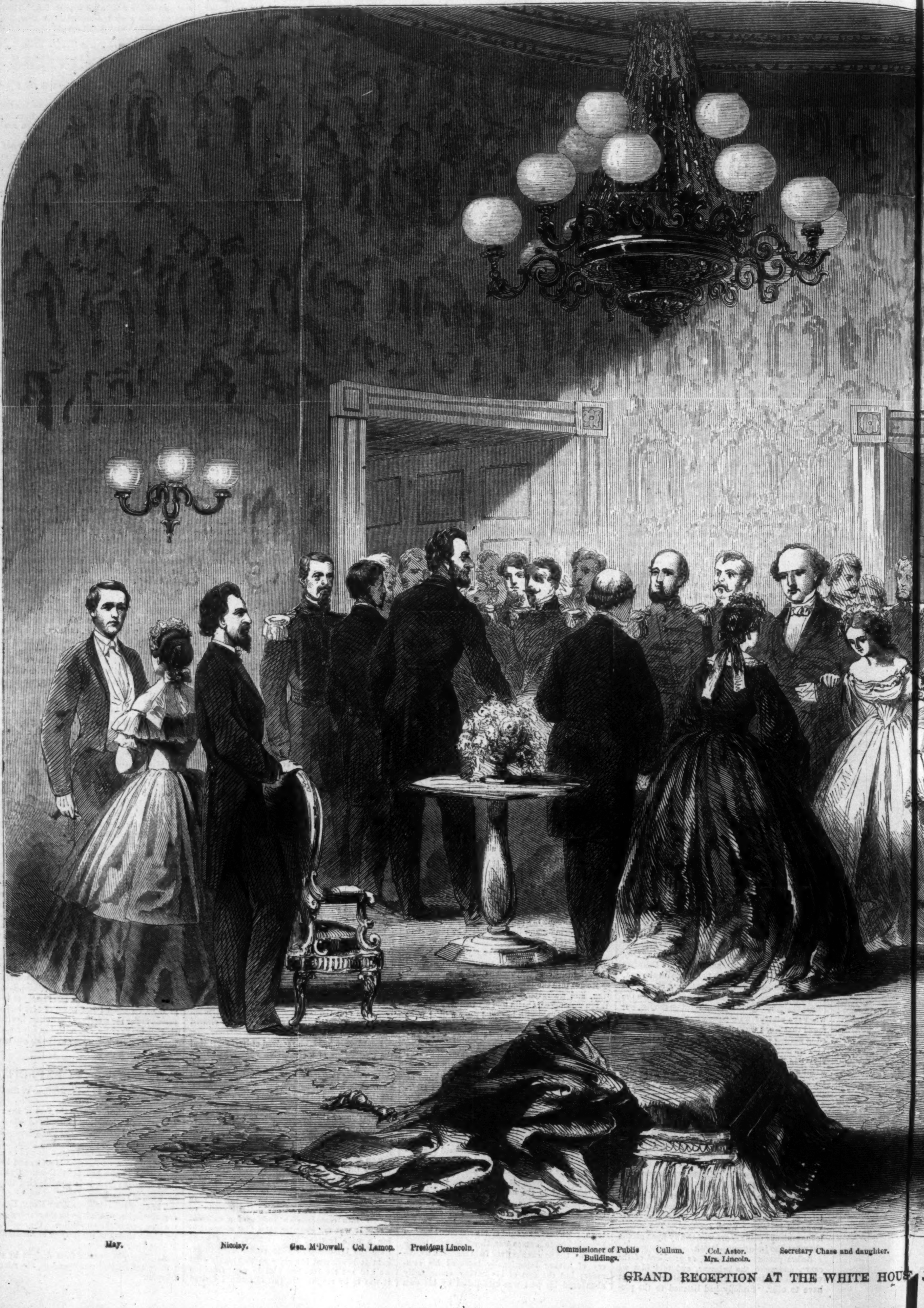
THE MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION.

WE devote page 52 to illustrations of the GREAT MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION.

The upper cut represents the fleet of IRON-CLAD GUN-BOATS with which Commodore Foote is to attack the rebel fortifications at Columbus and other points on the river, while the army assails them simultaneously on the land side. It will be noticed that they are most formidable craft, and likely to accomplish the work set before them. By the time these lines are read, it is possible that they may have begun operations.

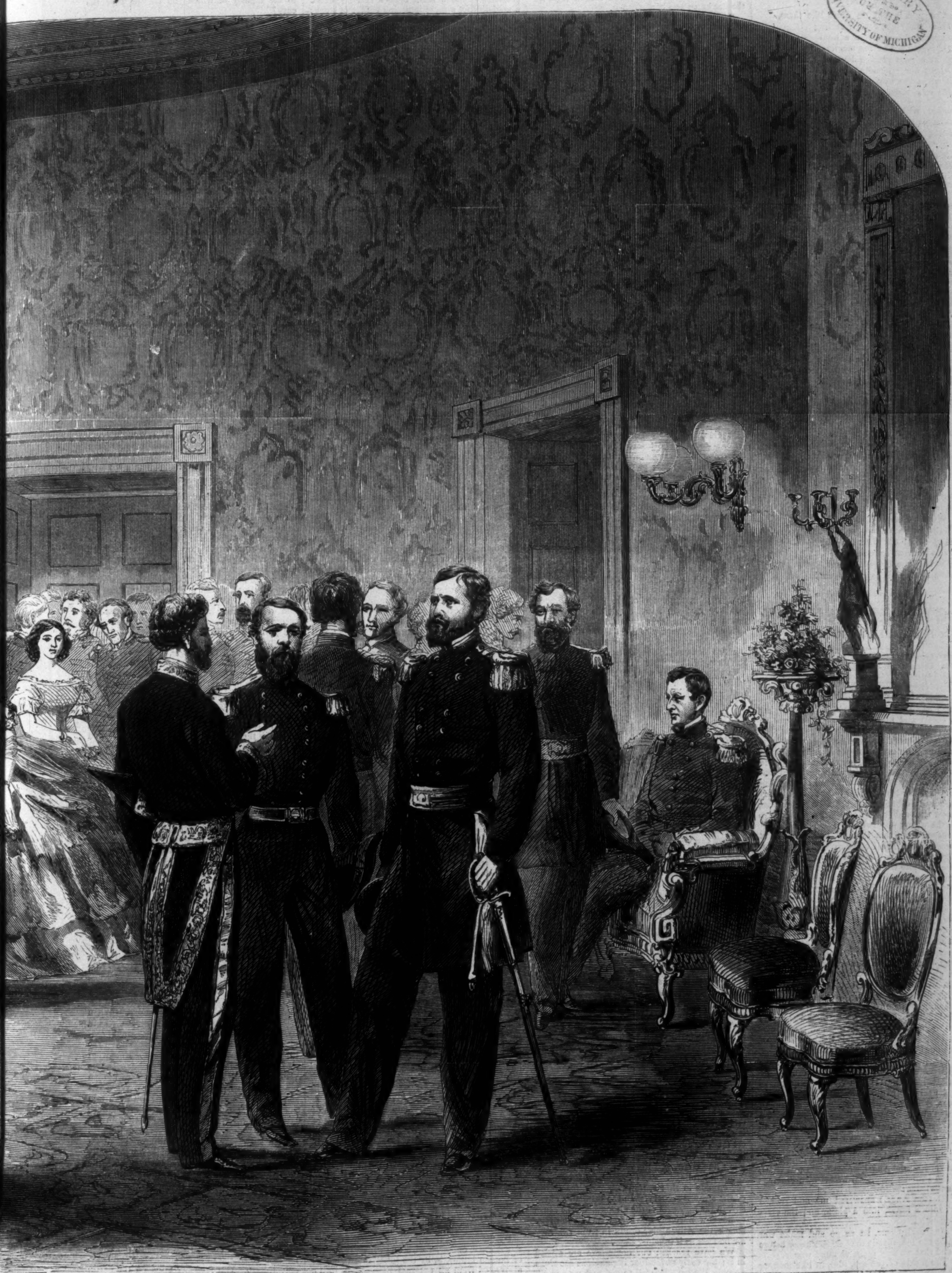
The other cut represents FORT HOLT, Kentucky, opposite Cairo, which is to be the starting-point of the land part of the expedition. On another page we give a sketch of the interior of the BARRACKS at Fort Holt.

All these pictures are from designs by our attentive and faithful correspondent, Mr. Alexander Simplot.


May.
Nicolay.
Gen. M'Dowell.
Col. Lamon.
President Lincoln.
Commissioner of Public Buildings.
Cullum.
Col. Astor.
Mrs. Lincoln.
Secretary Chase and daughter.

GRAND RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUS

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN


Miss Cameron,
Gen. Casey.
Mercier.
Gen. Peck.
Lieut. Wise.
Gen. Franklin.
Gen. Heintzelman.
Gen. M'Call.

USE, JANUARY, 1862.—[Sketched by Mr. A. Waud.]

LEECHES.

'Tis strange indeed, in times like these,
How many show their feeling
And love of country in a kind
Of "gently o'er me stealing!"
One man goes prating long and loud
About our "bleeding nation;"
But while the soldiers gape around
He robs them of a ration!

Another, with long face he asks
A blessing on our forces;
He wants a chance to try his hand
In contracting for horses!
"He's loyal to the Stars and Stripes,
He voted, too, for Jackson;"
As long's his contract lasts he says,
"Old Abe, just lay the tax on!"

Another's oldest brother went
To school with Mrs. Lincoln's;
To show his love for country he
Would furnish it with *tin* cans!
He'd like to *cup* old Uncle Sam,
And try that style of bleeding;
And all the while he prates about
"This *damnable* seceding!"

Another wants a sutler's berth,
"To fight he isn't able;"
And so he'd like to do his share
By furnishing the table!
"*He* loves his dear old country's flag,
And Yankee Doodle Dandy;"
And so he shows his love for them
By selling poisoned brandy!

Go where you choose, look where you will,
You'll find these army leeches;
In church, in Congress, on the stump,
A making *Union* speeches.
Round bar-room fires these wintry nights
They drink their whisky-toddy;
While shiver, shiver in the camps
The men they clothed in shoddy!

Away with all such men as these,
Who rob our flag's defenders!
To Warren and to Lafayette
With all such base pretenders!
And if at all our dear old flag
Is to be rent asunder,
Let it be done by *rebel* hands,
And not by those of plunder!

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LXVIII.

That night, as I was employed in collecting such books and manuscripts as I proposed to take with me, including my long-suspended physiological work, and such standard authorities as I might want to consult or refer to in the portions yet incompleted, my servant entered to inform me, in answer to the inquiries I had sent him to make, that Miss Brabazon had peacefully breathed her last an hour before. Well! my pardon had perhaps soothed her last moments; but how unavailing her death-bed repentance to undo the wrong she had done!

I turned from that thought, and glancing at the work into which I had thrown all my learning, methodized into system with all my art, I recalled the pity which Mrs. Poyntz had expressed for my meditated waste of mind. The tone of superiority which this incarnation of common sense accompanied by uncommon will assumed over all that was too deep or too high for her comprehension, had sometimes amused me; thinking over it now, it piqued. I said to myself, "After all, I shall bear with me such solace as intellectual occupation can afford. I shall have leisure to complete this labor, and a record that I have lived and thought may outlast all the honors which worldly ambition may bestow upon an Ashleigh Sumner!" And, as I so murmured, my hand, mechanically selecting the books I needed, fell on the Bible that Julius Faber had given to me.

It opened at the Second Book of Esdras, which our Church places among the Apocrypha, and is generally considered by scholars to have been written in the first or second century of the Christian era.* But in which the questions raised by man in the remotest ages, to which we can trace back his desire "to comprehend the way of the Most High," are invested with a grandeur of thought and sublimity of word to which I know of no parallel in writers we call profane.

My eye fell on this passage in the lofty argument between the Angel, whose name was Uriel, and the Prophet perplexed by his own cravings for knowledge:

"He (the Angel) answered me and said, I went into a forest, into a plain, and the trees took counsel

"And said, Come, let us go and make war against the sea, that it may depart away before us, and that we may make us more woods.

"The floods of the sea, also, in like manner took counsel, and said, Come, let us go up and subdue the woods of the plain, that there also we may make us another country.

"The thought of the wood was in vain, for the fire came and consumed it.

"The thought of the floods of the sea came likewise to naught, for the sand stood up and stopped them.

"If thou wert judge now betwixt these two, whom wouldst thou begin to justify, or whom wouldst thou condemn?

"I answered and said, Verily it is a foolish thought that they have both devised, for the ground is given unto the wood, and the sea also hath his place to bear his floods.

"Then answered he me and said, Thou hast given a right judgment; but why judgest thou not thyself also? For like as the ground is given unto the wood, and the sea to his floods, even so they that dwell upon the earth may understand nothing but that which is upon the earth, and He that dwelleth above the heavens may only understand the things that are above the height of the heavens."

I paused at those words, and, closing the Sacred Volume, fell into deep, unquiet thought.

CHAPTER LXIX.

I had hoped that the voyage would have had some beneficial effect upon Lilian; but no effect, good or bad, was perceptible, except, perhaps, a deeper silence, a gentler calm. She loved to sit on the deck when the nights were fair, and the stars mirrored on the deep. And once, thus, as I stood beside her, bending over the rail of the vessel, and gazing on the long wake of light which the moon made amidst the darkness of an ocean to which no shore could be seen, I said to myself, "Where is my track of light through the measureless future? Would that I could believe as I did when a child! Woe is me, that all the reasonings I take from my knowledge should lead me away from the comfort which the peasant who mourns finds in faith! Why should riddles so dark have been thrust upon me?—me, no fond child of fancy; me, sober pupil of schools the severest! Yet what marvel—the strangest my senses have witnessed or feigned in the fraud they have palmed on me—is greater than that by which a simple affection, that all men profess to have known, has changed the courses of life prearranged by my hopes and confirmed by my judgment? How calmly before I knew love I have anatomized its mechanism, as the tyro who dissects the web-work of tissues and nerves in the dead! Lo! it lives, lives in me; and, in living, escapes from my scalpel and mocks all my knowledge. Can love be reduced to the realm of the senses? No! what nun is more barred by her grate from the realm of the senses than my bride by her solemn affliction? Is love, then, the union of kindred, harmonious minds? No! my beloved one sits by my side, and I guess not her thoughts, and my mind is to her a sealed fountain. Yet I love her more—oh ineffably more! for the doom which destroys the two causes philosophy assigns to love—in the form, in the mind! How can I now, in my vain physiology, say what is love—what is not? Is it love which must tell me that man has a soul, and that in soul will be found the solution of problems never to be solved in body or mind alone?"

My self-questionings halted here, as Lilian's hand touched my shoulder. She had risen from her seat, and had come to me.

"Are not the stars very far from earth?" she said.

"Very far."

"Are they seen for the first time to-night?"

"They were seen, I presume, as we see them, by the fathers of all human races!"

"Yet close below us they shine reflected in the waters; and yet, see, wave flows on wave before we can count it!"

"Lilian, by what sympathy do you read and answer my thought?"

Her reply was incoherent and meaningless. If a gleam of intelligence had mysteriously lighted my heart to her view, it was gone. But drawing her nearer toward me, my eye long followed wistfully the path of light, dividing the darkness on either hand, till it closed in the sloping horizon.

CHAPTER LXX.

The voyage is over. At the sea-port at which we landed I found a letter from Faber. My instructions had reached him in time to effect the purchase on which his descriptions had fixed my desire. The stock, the implements of husbandry, the furniture of the house, were included in the purchase. All was prepared for my arrival, and I hastened from the then miserable village, which may some day rise into one of the mightiest capitals of the world, to my lodge in the wilderness.

It was the burst of the Australian spring, which commences in our autumn month of October. The air was loaded with the perfume of the acacias. Amidst the glades of the open forest land, or climbing the craggy banks of winding silvery creeks,* creepers and flowers of dazzling hue contrasted the olive-green of the surrounding foliage. The exhilarating effect of the climate in that season heightens the charm of the strange scenery. In the brilliancy of the sky, in the lightness of the atmosphere, the sense of life is wondrously quickened. With the very breath the Adventurer draws in from the racy air he feels as if inhaling hope.

We have reached our home—we are settled in it; the early unfamiliar impressions are worn away. We have learned to dispense with much that we at first missed, and are reconciled to much that at first disappointed or displeased.

The house is built but of logs—the late proprietor had commenced, upon a rising ground, a mile distant, a more imposing edifice of stone; but it is not half finished.

This log-house is commodious, and much has been done, within and without, to conceal or adorn its primitive rudeness. It is of irregular, picturesque form, with verandas round three sides of it, to which the grape-vine has been trained, with glossy leaves that clamber up to the gable roof. There is a large garden in front, in which many English fruit-trees have been set, and grow fast among the plants of the tropics and the orange-trees of Southern Europe. Beyond stretch undulous pastures, studded with flocks and herds; to the left, a range of many-colored hills; to the right, a mazy creek, belted by feathery trees; and on its opposite bank a forest, opening, through frequent breaks, into park-like glades and alleys. The territory of which I so suddenly find myself the lord is vast, even for a colonial capitalist.

It had been originally purchased as "a special survey," comprising twenty thousand acres, with the privilege of pasture over forty thousand more. In very little of this land, though it includes some of the most fertile districts in the known world, has cultivation been even commenced. At the time I entered into possession even sheep were barely profitable; labor was scarce and costly. Regarded as a speculation, I could not wonder that my predecessor fled in fear from his domain. Had I invested the bulk of my capital in this lordly purchase I should have deemed myself a ruined man; but a villa near London, with a hundred acres, would have cost me as much to buy, and thrice as much to keep up. I could afford the investment I had made. I found a Scotch bailiff already on the estate, and I was contented to escape from rural occupations, to which I brought no experience, by making it worth his while to serve me with zeal. Two domestics of my own, and two who had been for many years with Mrs. Ashleigh, had accompanied us; they remained faithful, and seemed contented. So the clock-work of our mere household arrangements went on much the same as in our native homes. Lilian was not subjected to the ordinary privations and discomforts that await the wife even of the wealthy emigrant. Alas! would she have heeded them if she had been?

The change of scene wrought a decided change for the better in her health and spirits, but not such as implied a dawn of reviving reason. But her countenance was now more rarely overcast. Its usual aspect was glad with a soft mysterious smile. She would murmur snatches of songs, that were partly borrowed from English poets, partly gliding away into what seemed spontaneous additions of her own—wanting intelligible meaning but never melody nor rhyme. Strange that memory and imitation—the two earliest parents of all inventive knowledge—should still be so active, and judgment—the after faculty, that combines the rest into purpose and method—be annulled.

Julius Faber I see continually, though his residence is a few miles distant. He is sanguine as to Lilian's ultimate recovery; and, to my amazement and to my envy, he has contrived, by some art which I can not attain, to establish between her and himself intelligible communion. She comprehends his questions, when mine, though the simplest, seem to her in unknown language; and he construes into sense her words, that to me are meaningless riddles.

"I was right," he said to me one day, leaving her seated in the garden beside her quiet, patient mother, and joining me where I lay—listless yet fretful—under the shadeless gum-trees, gazing not on the flocks and fields that I could call my own, but on the far mountain range, from which the arch of the horizon seemed to spring—"I was right," said the great physician; "this is reason suspended, not reason lost. Your wife will recover; but—"

"But what?"

"Give me your arm as I walk homeward, and I will tell you the conclusion to which I have come."

I rose, the old man leaned on me, and we went down the valley, along the craggy ridges of the winding creek. The woodland on the opposite bank was vocal with the chirp, and croak, and chatter of Australian birds—all mirthful, all songless, save that sweetest of warblers, which some early irreverent emigrant degraded to the name of magpie, but whose note is sweeter than the nightingale's, and trills through the lucent air with a distinct ecstatic melody of joy that dominates all the discords—so ravishing the sense that, while it sings, the ear scarcely heeds the scream of the parrots.

CHAPTER LXXI.

"You may remember," said Julius Faber, "Sir Humphrey Davy's eloquent description of the effect produced on him by the inhalation of nitrous oxide. He states that he began to lose the perception of external things; trains of vivid visible images rapidly passed through his mind, and were connected with words in such a manner as to produce perceptions perfectly novel. 'I existed,' he says, 'in a world of newly-connected and newly-modified ideas.' When he recovered he exclaimed: 'Nothing exists but thoughts; the universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains!'

"Now observe, that thus, a cultivator of positive science, endowed with one of the healthiest of human brains, is, by the inhalation of a gas, abstracted from all external life—enters into a new world, which consists of images he himself creates, and animates so vividly—that, on waking, he resolves the universe itself into thoughts."

"Well," said I, "but what inference do you draw from that voluntary experiment, applicable to the malady of which you bid me hope the cure?"

"Simply this: that the effect produced on a healthful brain by the nitrous oxide may be produced also by moral causes operating on the blood, or on the nerves. There is a degree of mental excitement in which ideas are more vivid than sensations, and then the world of external things gives way to the world within the brain.* But this, though a suspension of that reason which comprehends accuracy of judgment, is no more a permanent aberration of reason than was Sir Humphrey Davy's visionary ecstasies under the influence of the gas. The difference between the two states of suspension is that of time, and it is but an affair of time with our beloved patient. Yet prepare yourself. I fear that the mind will not recover without some critical malady of the body."

"Critical! but not dangerous?—say not dangerous. I can endure the pause of her reason; I could not endure the void in the universe if her life were to fade from the earth."

"Poor friend! would not you yourself rather lose life than reason?"

"I—yes! But we men are taught to set cheap value on our own lives; we do not estimate at the same mean rate the lives of those we love. Did we do so, Humanity would lose its virtues."

"What then! Love teaches that there is something of nobler value than mere mind; yet surely it can not be the mere body. What is it, if not that continuance of being which your philosophy declines to acknowledge—viz., soul? If you fear so painfully that your Lilian should die, is it not that you fear to lose her forever?"

"Oh, cease, cease!" I cried, impatiently. "I can not now argue on metaphysics. What is it that you anticipate of harm to her life? Her health has been stronger ever since her affliction. She never seems to know ailment now. Do you not perceive that her cheek has a more hardy bloom, her frame a more rounded symmetry, than when you saw her in England?"

"Unquestionably. Her physical forces have been silently recruiting themselves in the dreams which half lull, half amuse her imagination. Imagination, that faculty, the most glorious which is bestowed on the human mind, because it is the faculty which enables thought to create, is of all others the most exhausting to life when unduly stimulated, and consciously reasoning on its own creations. I think it probable that, had this sorrow not befallen you, you would have known a sorrow yet graver—you would have long survived your Lilian. As it is now, when she recovers, her whole organization, physical and mental, will have undergone a beneficent change. But I repeat my prediction; some severe malady of the body will precede the restoration of the mind; and it is my hope that the present suspense or aberration of the more wearing powers of the mind fit the body to endure and surmount the physical crisis. There is a case, in my own experience, in many respects similar to this, but in other respects it was less hopeful. I was consulted by a young student of the frailest physical conformation, of great mental energies, and consumed by an intense ambition. He was reading for university honors. He would not listen to me when I entreated him to rest his mind. I thought that he was certain to obtain the distinction for which he toiled, and equally certain to die a few months after obtaining it. He falsified both my deductions. He so overworked himself that, on the day of examination, his nerves were agitated, his memory failed him, he passed, not without a certain credit, but fell far short of the rank among his fellow-competitors to which he aspired. Here, then, the irritated mind acted on the disappointed heart, and raised a new train of emotions. He was first visited by spectral illusions; then he sank into a state in which the external world seemed quite blotted out. He heeded nothing that was said to him; seemed to see nothing that was placed before his eyes; in a word, sensations became dormant, ideas preconceived usurped their place, and these ideas gave him pleasure. He believed that his genius was recognized, and lived among its supposed creations, enjoying an imaginary fame. So it went on for two years. During that period his frail form became robust and vigorous. At the end of that time he was seized with a fever, which would have swept him in three days to the grave had it occurred when I first saw him. He conquered the fever, and, in recovering, acquired the full possession of the intellectual faculties so long suspended. When I last saw him, many years afterward, he was in perfect health, and the object of his young ambition was realized; the body had supported the mind—he had achieved distinction. Now what had so, for a time, laid this strong intellect into visionary sleep? The most agonizing of human emotions in a noble spirit—shame! What has so stricken down your Lilian? You have told me the story; shame!—the shame of a nature pre-eminently pure. But observe, that in his case as in hers, the shock inflicted does not produce a succession of painful illusions; but, on the contrary, in both, the illusions are generally pleasing. Had the illusions been painful, the body would have suffered—the patient died. Why did a painful shock produce pleasing illusions? Because, no matter how a shock on the nerves may originate, if it affects the reason, it does but make more vivid than impressions from actual external objects the ideas previously most cherished. Such ideas in the young student were ideas of earthly fame; such ideas in the young maiden were ideas of angel comforters and heavenly Edens. You miss her mind on the earth, and, while we speak, it is in paradise."

"Much that you say, my friend, is authorized by the speculations of great writers, with whom

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* Such is the supposition of Jahn. Dr. Lee, however, is of opinion that the author was contemporary, and, indeed, identical, with the author of the Book of Enoch.

* Creek is the name given by Australian colonists to precarious water-courses and tributary streams.

* See, on the theory elaborated from this principle, Dr. Hibbert's interesting and valuable work on the Philosophy of Apparitions.

I am not unfamiliar; but in none of those writers, nor in your encouraging words, do I find a solution for much that has no precedents in my experience—much, indeed, that has analogies in my reading, but analogies which I have ever before despised as old wives' fables. I have bared to your searching eye the weird mysteries of my life. How do you account for facts which you can not resolve into illusions? for the influence which that strange being, Margrave, exercised over Lilian's mind or fancy, so that for a time her love for me was as dormant as is her reason now: so that he could draw her—her whose nature you admit to be singularly pure and modest—from her mother's home? The magic wand! the trance into which that wand threw Margrave himself; the apparition which it conjured up in my own quiet chamber, when my mind was without a care and my health without a flaw. How account for all this—as you endeavored and perhaps successfully, to account for all my impressions of the Vision in the Museum, of the luminous haunting Shadow in its earlier apparitions, when my fancy was heated, my heart tormented, and, it might be, even the physical forces of this strong frame disordered?"

"Allen," said the old pathologist, "here we approach phenomena which few physicians have dared to examine. Honor to those who, like our bold contemporary, Elliotson, have braved scoff and sacrificed dross in seeking to extract what is practical in uses, what can be tested by experiment, from the speculations of Puységur and Mesmer."

"What! You believe—you! Julius Faber, you—in the doctrines of animal magnetism and electro-biology?"

"I have not examined into those doctrines, nor seen with my own eyes the wonders recorded, upon evidence too respectable, nevertheless, to permit me peremptorily to deny what I have not witnessed.* But wherever I look through the History of Mankind in all ages and all races, I find a concurrence in certain beliefs which seems to countenance the theory that there is in some peculiar and rare temperaments a power over forms of animated organization, with which they establish some unaccountable affinity; and even, though much more rarely, a power over inanimate matter. Whether this power be among the properties of that electric fluid with which all matter is more or less charged, or proceed from some other subtle fluid not yet more than dogmatically asserted or vaguely conjectured, I do not hazard an opinion. But from the power I name emanates the practice of what is popularly called witchcraft or magic. This practice is much more rife in savage states than civilized, as in all states it is more believed by the ignorant than the educated, and no doubt one reason of this is that the power is increased by the faith of him who exerts it, and the faith of those over whom it is exercised. In the native tribes of this land the elders are instructed in the arts of this so-called sorcery, but only in a very few constitutions does instruction avail to produce effects in which the savages recognize the powers of a sorcerer; it is so with the Obi of the negroes. The fascination of Obi is an unquestionable fact, but the Obi man can not be trained by formal lessons; he is born a fascinator, as a poet is born a poet. It is so with the Laplanders, of whom Tornæus reports that of those instructed in the magical art 'only a few are capable of it.' 'Some,' he says, 'are naturally magicians.' And this fact is emphatically insisted upon by the mystics of our own middle ages, who state that a man must be *born* a magician, in other words, that the gift is constitutional, though developed by practice and art. Now, that this gift and its practice should principally obtain in imperfect states of civilization, and fade into insignificance in the busy social enlightenment of cities, may be accounted for by reference to the known influences of imagination. In the cruder states of social life not only is imagination more frequently predominant over all other faculties, but it has not the healthful vents which the intellectual competition of cities and civilization affords. The man who in a savage tribe, or in the dark feudal ages, would be a magician, is in our century a poet, an orator, a daring speculator, an inventive philosopher. In other words, his imagination is drawn to pursuits congenial to those among whom it works. It is the tendency of all intellect to follow the directions of the public opinion amidst which it is trained. Where a magician is held in reverence or awe, there will be more practitioners of magic than where a magician is despised as an impostor or shut up as a lunatic. In Scandinavia, before the introduction of Christianity, all tradition records the wonderful powers of the Vala, or witch, who was then held in reverence and honor. Christianity was introduced, and the early Church denounced the Vala as the instrument of Satan, and from that moment down dropped the majestic prophetess into a miserable and execrated old hag!"

"The ideas you broach," said I, musingly, "have at moments crossed me, though I have shrunk from reducing them to a theory which is but one of pure hypothesis. But this magic, after all, then, you would place in the imagination of the operator, acting on the imagination of those whom it affects. Here, at least, I can follow you, to a certain extent, for here we get back into the legitimate realm of physiology."

"And possibly," said Faber, "we may find hints to guide us to useful examination, if not to complete solution, of problems that, once demonstrated, may lead to discoveries of infinite value—hints, I say, in two writers of widely opposite genius—Van Helmont and Bacon. Van Helmont, of all the medieval mystics, is the most severely intellectual. He supposed that the faculty which he calls Phantasy, and which we familiarly call Imagination, is invested with the power of creating for itself ideas independent of the senses, each idea clothed in a form fabricated by the imagination, and becoming an operative entity. This notion is so far favored by modern physiologists, that Lincke reports a case where the eye itself was extirpated; yet the extirpation was followed by the appearance of luminous figures before the orbit. And again, a woman, stone blind, complained 'of luminous images, with pale colors, before her eyes. Abercrombie mentions the case 'of a lady quite blind, her eyes being also disorganized and sunk, who never walked out without seeing a little old woman in a red cloak who seemed to walk before her.'* Your favorite authority, the illustrious Müller, who was himself in the habit of 'seeing different images in the field of vision when he lay quietly down to sleep, asserts that these images are not merely presented to the fancy, but that even the images of dreams *are really seen,*' and that 'any one may satisfy himself of this by accustoming himself regularly to open his eyes when waking after a dream, the images seen in the dream are then sometimes visible, and can be observed to disappear gradually.' He confirms this statement, not only by the result of his own experience, but by the observations made by Spinoza, and the yet higher authority of Aristotle, who accounts for spectral appearance as *the internal action of the sense of vision.*† And this opinion is favored by Sir David Brewster, whose experience leads him to suggest 'that the objects of mental contemplation may be seen as distinctly as external objects, and will occupy the same local position in the axis of vision as if they had been formed by the agency of light.'‡ Be this as it may, one fact remains, that images can he seen even by the blind as distinctly and as vividly as you and I now see the stream below our feet and the opossums at play upon yonder boughs. Let us come now to some remarkable suggestions of Lord Bacon. In his Natural History, treating of the force of the imagination, and the help it receives 'by one man working by another,' he cites an instance he had witnessed of a kind of juggler, who could tell a person what card he thought of. He mentioned this 'to a pretended learned man, curious in such things,' and this sage said to him, 'It is not the knowledge of the man's thought, for that is proper to God, but the enforcing of a thought upon him, and binding his imagination by a stronger, so that he could think of no other card.' You see this sage anticipated our modern electro-biologists! And the learned man then shrewdly asked Lord Bacon, 'Did the juggler tell the card to the man himself who had thought of it, or bid another tell it?' 'He bade another tell it,' answered Lord Bacon. 'I thought so,' returned his learned acquaintance, 'for the juggler himself could not have put on so strong an imagination; but by telling the card to the other, who believed the juggler was some strange man who could do strange things—that other man caught a strong imagination' The whole story is worth reading, because Lord Bacon evidently thinks it conveys a guess worth examining. And Lord Bacon, were he now living, would be the man to solve the mysteries that branch out of mesmerism or (so called) spiritual manifestation, for he would not pretend to despise their phenomena for fear of hurting his reputation for good sense. Bacon then goes on to state that there are three ways to fortify the imagination. 'First, authority derived from belief in an art and in the man who exercises it; secondly, means to quicken and corroborate the imagination; thirdly, means to repeat and refresh it.' For the second and the third he refers to the practices of magic; and proceeds afterward to state on what things imagination has most force; 'upon things that have the lightest and easiest motions, and, therefore, above all, upon the spirits of men, and, in them, on such affections as move lightest—in love, in fear, in irresolution. And,' adds Bacon, earnestly, in a very different spirit from that which dictates to the sages of our time the philosophy of rejecting without trial that which belongs to the Marvelous, 'and whatsoever is of this kind should be *thoroughly inquired into.*' And this great founder or renovator of the sober inductive system of investigation, even so far leaves it a matter of speculative inquiry whether imagination may not be so powerful that it can actually operate upon a plant, that he says, 'This likewise should be made upon plants, and that diligently, as if you should tell a man that such a tree would die this year, and *will* him, at these and these times, to go unto it and see how it thriveth.' I presume that no philosopher has followed such recommendations; had some great philosopher done so, possibly we should by this time know all the secrets of what is popularly called witchcraft."

And as Faber here paused there came a strange laugh from the fantastic she oak-tree overhanging the stream—a wild, impish laugh.

"Pooh! it is but the great kingfisher, the laughing bird of the Australian bush," said Julius Faber, amused at my start of superstitious alarm.

We walked on for some minutes in musing silence, and the rude log-hut in which my wise companion had his home came in view; the flocks grazing on undulous pastures, the kine drinking at a water-course fringed by the slender gum-trees; and a few fields, laboriously won from the luxuriant grass-land, rippling with the wave of corn.

I halted, and said, "Rest here for a few moments till I gather up the conclusions to which your speculative reasoning seems to invite me."

We sat down on a rocky crag, half mantled by luxuriant creepers with vermilion buds.

"From the guesses," said I, "which you have drawn from the fancies of those who first greeted the dawn of philosophy emerging from the mists of fable, I collect this solution of the mysteries, by which the experience I gain from my senses confounds all the dogmas approved by my judgment. To the rational conjectures by which, when we first conversed on the marvels that perplexed me, you ascribed to my imagination, predisposed by mental excitement, physical fatigue, or derangement, and a concurrence of singular events tending to strengthen such predisposition—the phantasmal impressions produced on my senses; to these conjectures you now add a new one, more startling and less admitted by sober physiologists. You conceive it possible that persons endowed with a rare and peculiar temperament can so operate on the imagination, and, through the imagination, on the senses of others, as to exceed even the powers ascribed to the practitioners of mesmerism and electro-biology, and give a certain foundation of truth to the old tales of magic and witchcraft. You imply that Margrave may be a person thus gifted, and hence the influence he unquestionably exercised over Lilian, and over, perhaps, less innocent agents, charmed or impelled by his will. And not discarding, as I own I should have been originally induced to do, the queries or suggestions adventured by Bacon in his discursive speculations on Nature—to wit, 'that there be many things, some of them inanimate, that operate upon the spirits of men by secret sympathy and antipathy,' and to which Bacon gave the quaint name of 'imaginants,' so even that wand, of which I have described to you the magic-like effects, may have had properties communicated to it by which it performs the work of the magician, as mesmerists pretend that some substance mesmerized by them can act on the patient as sensibly as if it were the mesmerizer himself. Do I state your suppositions correctly?"

"Yes; always remembering that they are only suppositions, and volunteered with the utmost diffidence. But since, thus seated in the early wilderness, we permit ourselves the indulgence of child-like guess, may it not be possible, apart from the doubtful question whether a man can communicate to an inanimate material substance a power to act upon the mind or imagination of another man—may it not, I say, be possible that such a substance may contain in itself such a power over certain constitutions, though not over others. For instance, it is in my experience that the common hazel-wood will strongly affect certain nervous temperaments, though wholly without effect on others. I remember a young girl who, having taken up a hazel stick, freshly cut, could not relax her hold of it, and when it was wrenched away from her by force was irresistibly attracted toward it, repossessed herself of it, and, after holding it a few minutes, was cast into a kind of trance, in which she beheld phantasmal visions. Mentioning this curious case, which I supposed unique, to a learned brother of our profession, he told me that he had known other instances of the effect of the hazel upon nervous temperaments in persons of both sexes. Possibly it was some such peculiar property in the hazel that made it the wood selected for the old divining-rod. Well, we do not know what this wand that produced a seemingly magical effect upon you was really composed of. You did not notice the metal employed in the wire which you say communicated a thrill to the sensitive nerves in the palm of the hand. You can not tell how far it might have been the vehicle of some fluid force in nature. The wand itself is steel, or iron; it is tipped with crystal. Possibly iron and crystal do really contain some properties not hitherto scientifically analyzed, and only, indeed, potential over exceptional temperaments, which may account for the fact that iron and crystal have been favorites with all professed mystics, ancient and modern. The Delphic Pythoness had her iron tripod, Mesmer his iron bed; and many persons, indisputably honest, can not gaze long upon a ball of crystal but what they begin to see visions. I suspect that a philosophical cause for such seemingly preternatural effects of crystal and iron will be found in connection with the extreme impressionability to changes in temperature which is the characteristic both of crystal and iron. But if these materials do contain certain powers over exceptional constitutions, we do not arrive at a supernatural, but at a natural phenomenon."

"Still," said I, "even granting that your explanatory hypotheses hit or approach the truth—still, what a terrible power you would assign to man's will over men's reason and deeds!"

"Man's will," answered Faber, "has over men's deeds and reason, habitual and daily, power infinitely greater, and, when uncounterbalanced, infinitely more dangerous than that which superstition exaggerates in magic. Man's will moves a war that decimates a race, and leaves behind it calamities little less dire than slaughter. Man's will frames, but it also corrupts laws; exalts, but also demoralizes opinion; sets the world mad with fanaticism as often as it curbs the heart's fierce instincts by the wisdom of brother-like mercy. You revolt at the exceptional, limited sway over some two or three individuals which the arts of a sorcerer (if sorcerer there be) can effect; and yet, at the very moment in which you were perplexed and appalled by such sway, or by your reluctant belief in it, your will was devising an engine to unsettle the reason and wither the hopes of millions!"

"My will! What engine?"

"A book conceived by your intellect, adorned by your learning, and directed by your will to steal from the minds of other men their persuasion of the soul's everlasting Hereafter."

I bowed my head, and felt myself grow pale.

"And if we accept Bacon's theory of 'secret sympathy,' or the plainer physiological maxim that there must be in the imagination, morbidly impressed by the will of another, some trains of idea in affinity with such influence and preinclined to receive it, no magician could warp you to evil, except through thoughts that themselves went astray. Grant that the Margrave who still haunts your mind did really, by some occult, sinister magnetism, guide the madman to murder—did influence the servant-woman's vulgar desire to pry into the secrets of her ill-fated master—or the old maid's covetous wish and envious malignity—what could this awful magician do more than any commonplace guilty adviser to a mind predisposed to accept the advice?"

"You forget one example which destroys your argument—the spell which this mysterious fascinator could cast upon a creature so pure from all guilt as Lilian!"

"Will you forgive me if I answer frankly?"

"Speak."

"Your Lilian is spotless and pure as you deem her, and the fascination, therefore, attempts no lure through a sinful desire; it blends with its attraction no sentiment of affection untrue to yourself. Nay, it is justice to your Lilian, and may be a melancholy comfort to you, to state my conviction, based on the answers my questions have drawn from her, that you were never more cherished by her love than when that love seemed to forsake you. Her imagination impressed her with the illusion that through your love for her you were threatened with a great peril. What seemed the levity of her desertion was the devotion of self-sacrifice. And, in her strange, dream-led wanderings, do not think that she was conscious of the fascination you impute to this mysterious Margrave; in her belief, it was your own guardian angel that guided her steps, and her pilgrimage was ordained to disarm the foe that menaced you, and dissolve the spell that divided her life from yours! But had she not long before this willfully prepared herself to be so deceived? Had not her fancies been deliberately encouraged to dwell aloft from the duties we are placed on the earth to perform? The loftiest faculties in our nature are those that demand the finest poise, not to fall from their height and crush all the walls that they crown. With exquisite beauty of illustration, Hume says of the dreamers of 'bright fancies,' 'that they may be compared to those angels whom the Scriptures represent as covering their eyes with their wings.' Had you been, like my nephew, a wrestler for bread with the wilderness, what helpmate would your Lilian have been to you? How often would you have cried out in justifiable anger, 'I, son of Adam, am on earth not in paradise. Oh that my Eve were at home on my hearth, and not in the skies with the seraphs!' No Margrave, I venture to say, could have suspended the healthful affections, or charmed into danger the wide-awake soul of my Amy. When she rocks in its cradle the babe the young parents intrust to her heed—when she calls the kine to the milking, the chicks to their corn—when she but flits through my room to renew the flowers on the stand, or range in neat order the books that I read—no spell on her fancy could lead her a step from the range of her provident cares! At day she is contented to be on the commonplace earth; at evening, she and I

[*Continued on Page* 62.]

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* What Faber here says is expressed with more authority by one of the most accomplished metaphysicians of our time (Sir. W. Hamilton):

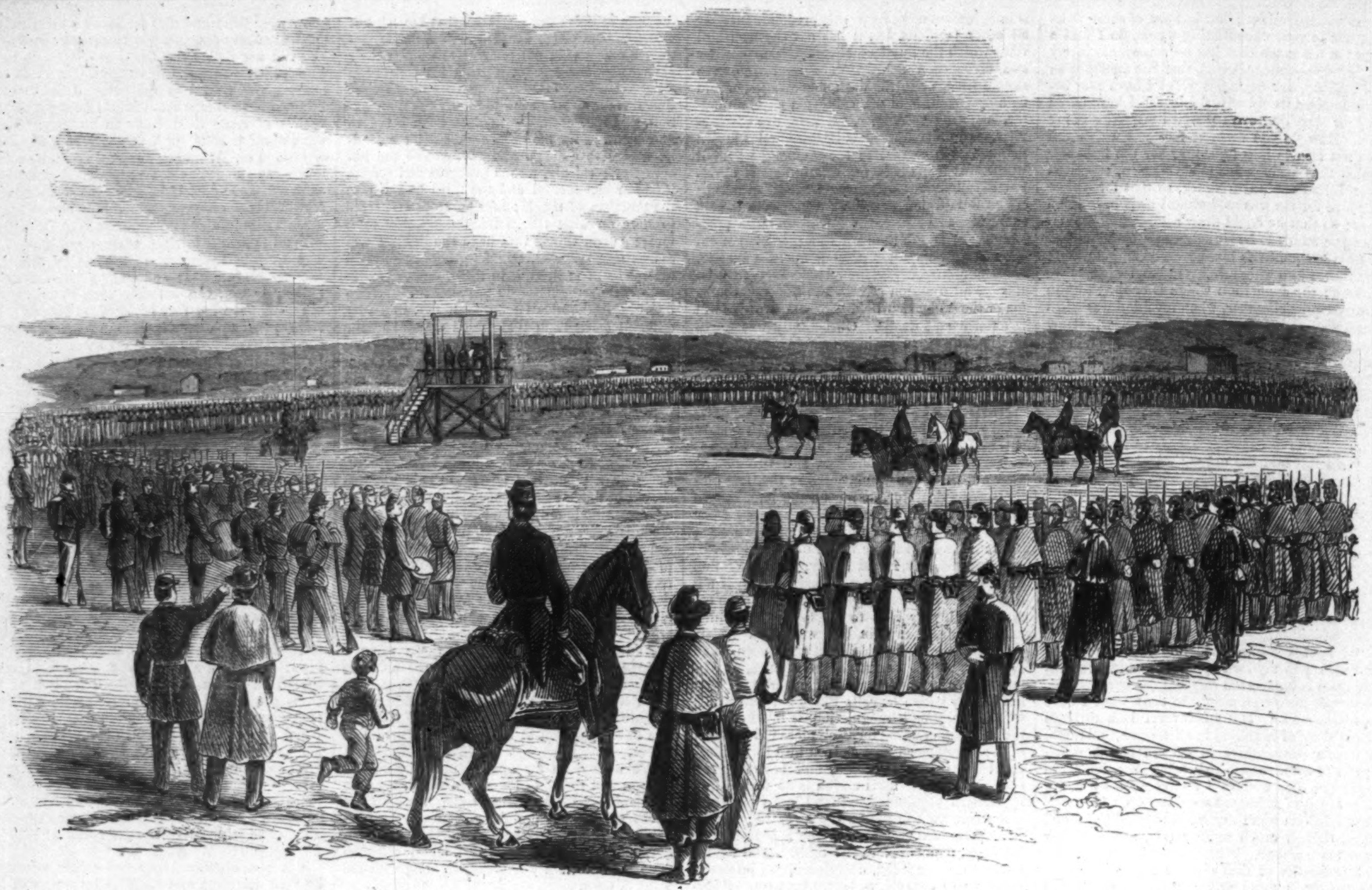
"Somnambulism is a phenomenon still more astonishing (than dreaming). In this singular state a person performs a regular series of rational actions, and those frequently of the most difficult and delicate nature; and, what is still more marvelous, with a talent to which he could make no pretension when awake. (Cr. Ancillon, Essais Philos. ii. 161.) His memory and reminiscence supply him with recollections of words and things which, perhaps, never were at his disposal in the ordinary state—he speaks more fluently a more refined language. And if we are to credit what the evidence on which it rests hardly allows us to disbelieve, he has not only perception of things through other channels than the common organs of sense, but the sphere of his cognition is amplified to an extent far beyond the limits to which sensible perception is confined. This subject is one of the most perplexing in the whole compass of philosophy; for, on the one hand, the phenomena are so remarkable that they can not be believed, and yet, on the other, they are of so unambiguous and palpable a character, and the witnesses to their reality are so numerous, so intelligent, and so high above every suspicion of deceit, that it is equally impossible to deny credit to what is attested by such ample and unexceptionable evidence."—Sir W. Hamilton's Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic, vol. ii., p. 274.

This perplexity, in which the distinguished philosopher leaves the judgment so equally balanced that it finds it impossible to believe, and yet impossible to disbelieve, forms the right state of mind in which a candid thinker should come to the examination of those more extraordinary phenomena which he has not himself yet witnessed, but the fair inquiry into which may be tendered to him by persons above the imputation of quackery and fraud. Müller, who is not the least determined, as he is certainly one of the most distinguished disbelievers of mesmeric phenomena, does not appear to have witnessed, or at least to have carefully examined them, or he would, perhaps, have seen that even the more extraordinary of those phenomena confirm, rather than contradict, his own general theories, and may be explained by the sympathies one sense has with another—"the laws of reflection through the medium of the brain." (Physiology of Senses, p. 1311.) And again by the maxim "that the mental principle, or cause of the mental phenomena, can not be confined to the brain, but that it exists in a latent state in every part of the organism." (Ib., p. 1355.) The "nerve power," contended for by Mr. Bain, also, may suggest a rational solution of much that has seemed incredible to those physiologists who have not condescended to sift the genuine phenomena of mesmerism from the exaggeration and imposture which too frequently obscure and degrade them.

* She had no illusions when within doors.—Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, p. 277. (15th edition.)

† Müller, Physiology of the Senses, Bayley's translation, p. 1068-1395, and elsewhere. Mr. Bain, in his thoughtful and suggestive work on the Senses and Intellect, makes very powerful use of these statements in support of his proposition, which Faber, in the text elsewhere, advances in other words—viz., "the return of the nervous currents exactly on their old track in revived sensations."

‡ Perhaps it is for the reason suggested in the text, viz., that the magician requires the interposition of a third imagination between his own and that of the consulting believer, that any learned adept in (so called) magic will invariably refuse to exhibit without the presence of a third person. Hence the author of Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie, printed at Paris, 1852-'53—a book not unremarkable for the learning wasted on such a subject, but still more remarkable for the earnest belief of a scholar of our own day in the art of which he records the history—insists much on the necessity of rigidly observing Le Ternaire, in the number of persons who are credulous enough to assist in an enchanter's experiments.



EXECUTION OF PRIVATE LANAHAN, OF THE REGULAR ARMY, FOR MURDER, AT WASHINGTON.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

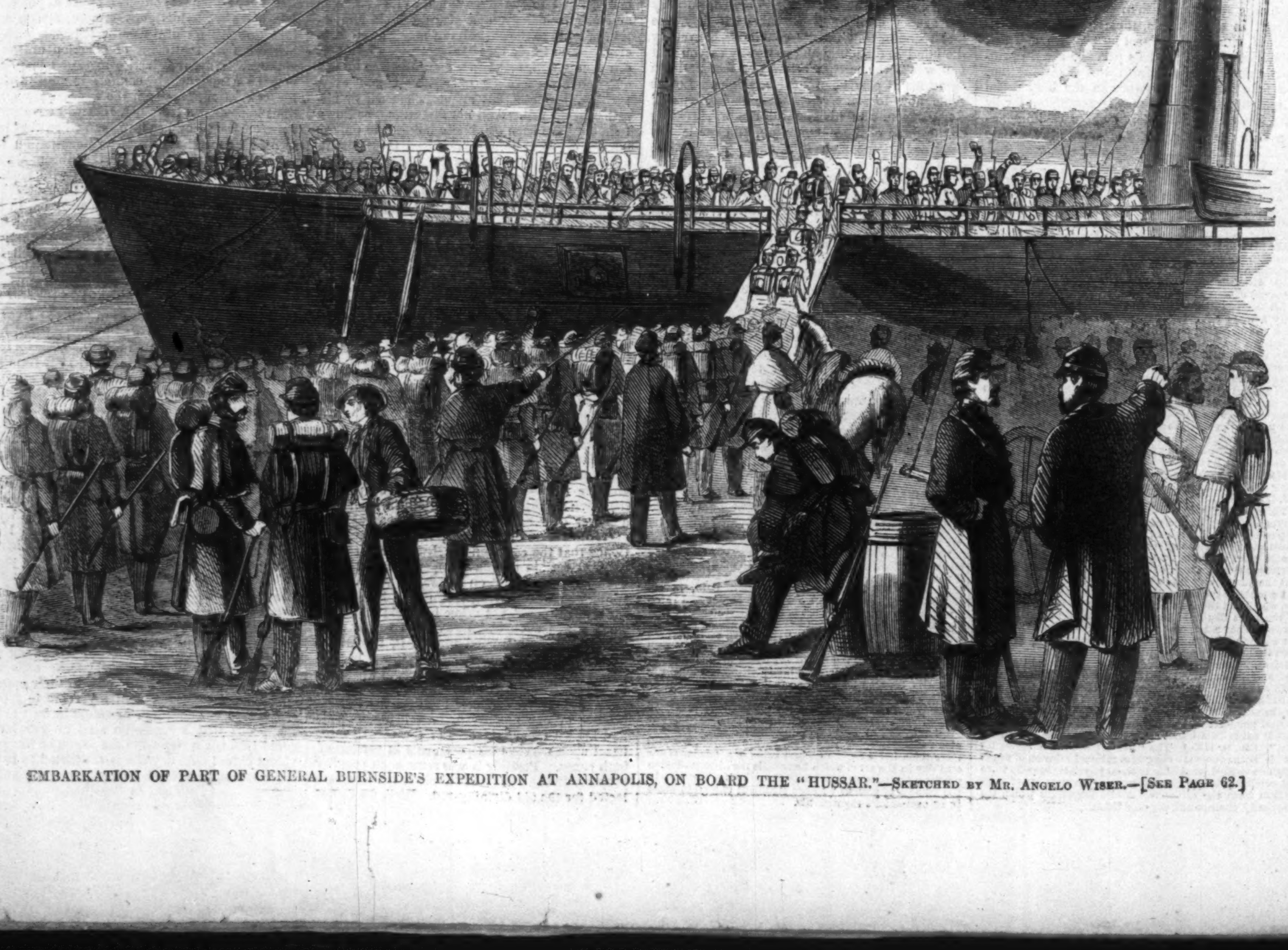
FORTRESS MONROE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

WE publish on page 53 a Birds-eye View of Fortress Monroe and Vicinity, with the vessels composing the Burnside Expedition; also, on page 54, a Map showing Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, and the approaches to Norfolk from the south. It is well understood that the Burnside Expedition, after having cleared the rebels out of Pamlico, Albemarle, and Currituck Sounds, will pay some attention to Norfolk. The *Tribune* correspondent says:

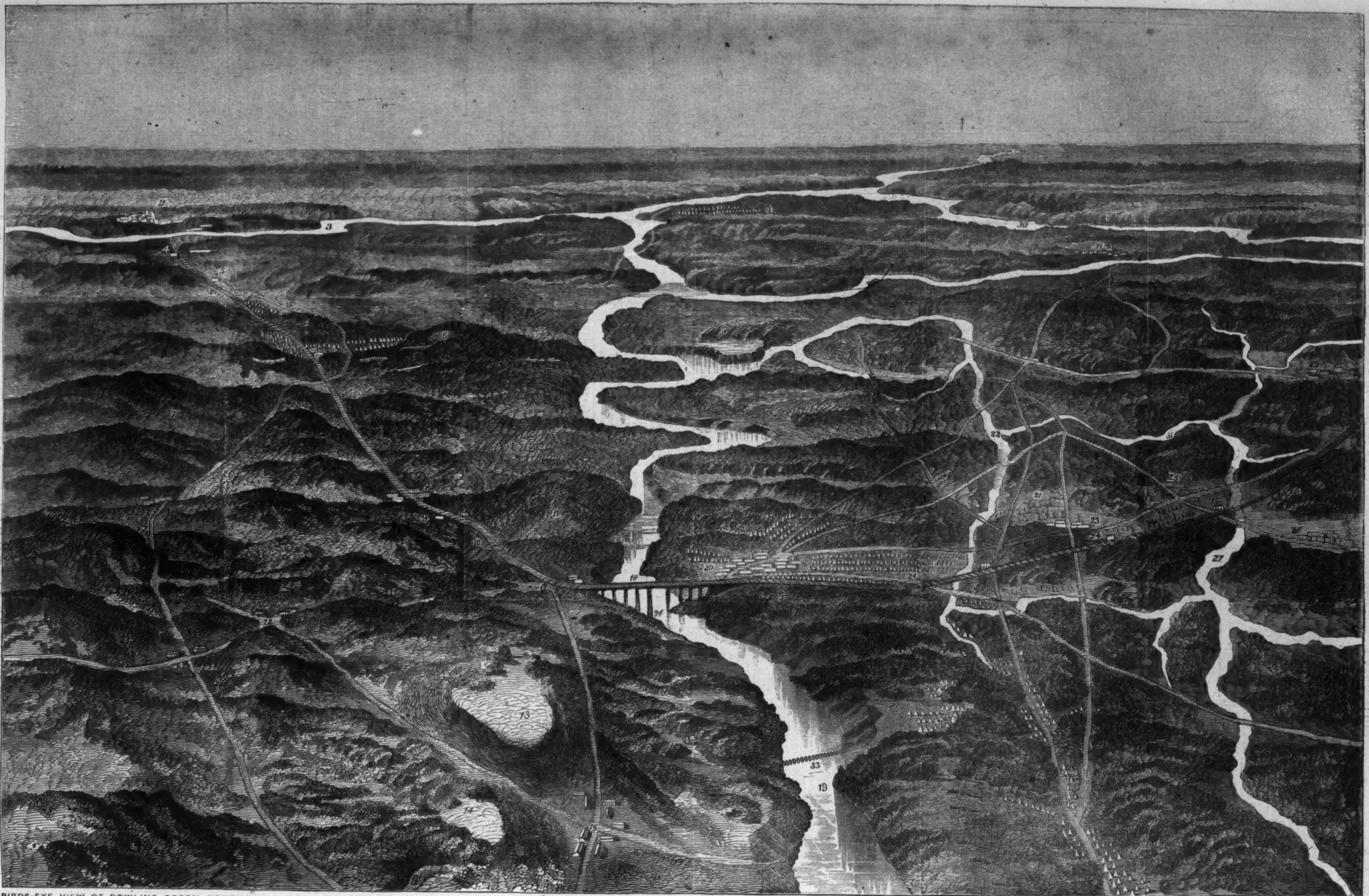
> I presume I shall violate no confidence if I state, on common rumor and belief, that the expedition will rendezvous at Hatteras Inlet, and that Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds will be the immediate field of operations. Of these operations in detail it is not proper to speak, any further than that it is understood that the force, when fairly afloat on the waters of Pamlico Sound, will address itself to Roanoke Island, which is strongly fortified. This is the key to Albemarle Sound, through Currituck, and it is supposed that the position is defended by from 2000 to 3000 men. This taken, one of the faults following the taking of Hatteras four or five months ago, when 1000 men might have done the same thing, will have been retrieved. I presume the clearing out of the rebels from all the sounds will follow, which might have been done with a thousand men and two or three gun-boats at the time referred to. It must not be supposed that this is the whole work laid out for the expedition. It will be but clearing away the underbrush, and it will be time enough to record the rest when it takes place.

We read in the Norfolk *Day-Book* of the 9th:

> Information reached this city last evening to the effect that a Union fleet had made its appearance in Pamlico Sound. The fleet consists of twenty gun-boats, drawing from five to six feet of water, and carrying, some of them, five guns. They were first discovered by Captain Hunter, who, while reconnoitering, was shot at by them. On his return to the island he reported the fact, and our force proceeded at once to place themselves in a state of readiness for an attack.
>
> This is supposed to be a portion of the Burnside expedition, and it is thought by some that its object is to prepare for an attack upon Norfolk from the rear. However this may be, one thing is certain, and that is, that, should this be their programme, they will find it a hard road to travel before they get to the end of it. We trust that our friends at Roanoke Island will make every preparation to successfully resist the foe, and that when he shows battle they will keep themselves cool and their powder dry, and by their valor cause another "masterly retreat" upon the part of the Hessians.



EMBARKATION OF PART OF GENERAL BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION AT ANNAPOLIS, ON BOARD THE "HUSSAR."—SKETCHED BY MR. ANGELO WISER.—[SEE PAGE 62.]



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY, AND ITS APPROACHES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]—REFERENCES: 1. General Crittenden's Camp.—2. Bowling Green and defenses.—3. Big River Creek.—4. Smith Grove.—5. Rocky Hill.—6. Green River Knob and batteries.—7. Preut's Knob.—8. Cave City.—9. Woodland.—10. Horse Well.—11. Summer Seat Knob.—12. Clear Point.—13. Peachtree Knob.—14. Bald Knob.—15. Cranmer.—16. Louisville and Nashville Turnpike.—17. Louisville and Nashville Railroad.—18. Green River bridge, restored.—19. Green River.—20. Mumfordsville.—21. Gen. Buell's advance Brigades.—22. Bacon Creek.—23. Leesville.—24. Upton Station.—25. Nolin.—26. Red Mills.—27. Nolin Creek.—28. Hodgensville.—29. Elizabethtown.—30. Rough Creek.—31. Litchfield.—32. Valley Creek.—33. Pontoon bridge.

[*Continued from Page* 59.]

knock together at the one door of heaven, which opes to thanksgiving and prayer, and thanksgiving and prayer sends us back, calm and hopeful, to the tasks that each morrow renews."

I looked up as the old man paused, and in the limpid clearness of the Australian atmosphere I saw the child he thus praised standing by the garden-gate, looking toward us, and, though still distant, she seemed near. I felt wroth with her. My heart so cherished my harmless, defenseless Lilian, that I was jealous of the praise taken from her to be bestowed on another.

"Each of us," said I, coldly, "has his or her own nature, and the uses harmonious to that nature's idiosyncrasy. The world, I grant, would get on very ill if women were not, more or less, actively useful and quietly good, like your Amy. But the world would lose standards that exalt and refine if no woman were permitted to gain, through the indulgence of fancy, thoughts exquisite as those which my Lilian conceived, while thought, alas, flowed out of fancy. I do not wound you by citing your Amy as a type of the mediocre. I do not claim for Lilian the rank we accord to the type of genius. But both are alike to such types in this: viz., that the uses of mediocrity are for everyday life, and the uses of genius, amidst a thousand mistakes which mediocrity never commits, are to suggest and perpetuate ideas which raise the standard of the mediocre to a nobler level. There would be fewer Amys in life if there were no Lilian, as there would be far fewer good men of sense if there were no erring dreamer of genius!"

"You say well, Allen Fenwick. And who should be so indulgent to the vagaries of the imagination as the philosophers who taught your youth to doubt every thing in the Maker's plan of creation which could not be mathematically proved. 'The human mind,' said Luther, 'is like a drunkard on horseback; prop it on one side, and it falls on the other.' So the man who is much too enlightened to believe in a peasant's religion, is always sure to set up some inane superstition of his own. Open biographical volumes wherever you please, and the man who has no faith in religion, is a man who has faith in a nightmare. See that type of the elegant skeptics—Lord Herbert, of Cherbury. He is writing a book against Revelation; he asks a sign from heaven to tell him if his book is approved by his Maker, and the man who can not believe in the miracles performed by his Saviour, gravely tells us of a miracle vouchsafed to himself. Take the hardest and strongest intellect which the hardest and strongest race of mankind ever schooled and accomplished. See the greatest of great men, the great Julius Cæsar! Publicly he asserts in the Senate that the immortality of the soul is a vain chimera. He professes the creed which Roman voluptuaries deduced from Epicurus, and denies all divine interference in the affairs of the earth. A great authority for the materialists—they have none greater! They can show on their side no intellect equal to Cæsar's; and yet this magnificent free-thinker, rejecting a soul and a Deity, habitually entered his chariot in muttering a charm; crawled on his knees up the steps of a temple to propitiate the abstraction called 'Nemesis;' and did not cross the Rubicon till he had consulted the omens. What does all this prove? A very simple truth. Man has some instincts with the brutes; for instance, hunger and sexual love. Man has one instinct peculiar to himself, found universally (or with alleged exceptions in savage states so rare that they do not affect the general law*)—an instinct of an invisible power without this earth, and of a life beyond the grave, which that power vouchsafes to his spirit. But the best of us can not violate an instinct with impunity. Resist hunger as long as you can, and, rather than die of starvation, your instinct will make you a cannibal; resist love when youth and nature impel to it, and what pathologist does not track one broad path into madness or crime? So with the noblest instinct of all. Reject the internal conviction by which the grandest thinkers have sanctioned the hope of the humblest Christian, and you are servile at once to some faith inconceivably more hard to believe. The imagination will not be withheld from its yearning for vistas beyond the walls of the flesh and the span of the present hour. Philosophy itself, in rejecting the healthful creeds by which man finds his safeguards in sober prayer, and his guide through the wilderness of visionary doubt, invents systems compared to which the mysteries of theology are simple. Suppose any man of strong, plain understanding had never heard of a Deity like Him whom we Christians adore, then ask this man which he can the better comprehend in his mind, and accept as a natural faith, the simple Christianity of his shepherd or the pantheism of Spinoza? Place before an accomplished critic (who comes with a perfectly unprejudiced mind to either inquiry), first, the arguments of David Hume against the Gospel miracles, and then the metaphysical crotchets of David Hume himself. This subtle philosopher, not content, with Berkeley, to get rid of matter—not content, with Condillac, to get rid of spirit or mind—proceeds to a miracle greater than any his Maker has yet vouchsafed to reveal. He, being then alive and in the act of writing, gets rid of himself altogether. Nay, he confesses he can not reason with any one who is stupid enough to think he has a self. His words are: 'What we call a mind is nothing but a heap or collection of different perceptions or objects united together by certain relations, and supposed, though falsely, to be endowed with perfect simplicity and identity. If any one upon serious and candid reflection thinks he has a different notion of himself, I must confess I can reason with him no longer.' Certainly I would rather believe all the ghost-stories upon record than believe that I am not even a ghost, distinct and apart from the perceptions conveyed to me, no matter how—just as I am distinct and apart from the furniture in my room, no matter whether I found it there or whether I bought it. If some old cosmogonist asked you to believe that the primitive cause of the solar system was not to be traced to a Divine Intelligence, but to a nebulosity, originally so diffuse that its existence can with difficulty be conceived, and that the origin of the present system of organized beings equally dispensed with the agency of a creative mind, and could be referred to molecules formed in the water by the power of attraction, till, by modifications of cellular tissue in the gradual lapse of ages, one monad became an oyster and another a Man—would you not say this cosmogony could scarcely have misled the human understanding even in the earliest dawn of speculative inquiry? Yet such are the hypotheses to which the desire to philosophize away that simple proposition of a Divine First Cause, which every child can comprehend, led two of the greatest geniuses and profoundest reasoners of modern times, La Place and La Marck.* Certainly, the more you examine those arch phantasmagorists, the philosophers, who would leave nothing in the universe but their own delusions, the more your intellectual pride may be humbled. The wildest phenomena which have startled you, are not more extravagant than the grave explanations which intellectual presumption adventures on the elements of our own organism and the relations between the world of matter and the world of ideas."

Here our conversation stopped, for Amy had now joined us, and, looking up to reply, I saw the child's innocent face between me and the furrowed brow of the old man.

BOWLING GREEN AND THE VICINITY.

On page 61 we publish a birds-eye view of that part of Kentucky now occupied by our own and the rebel forces, showing the course of the Green River, Mumfordsville, Bowling Green, etc. A correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* writes as follows regarding this region of country:

> The Federal forces advancing on Bowling Green are now detained at Green River for repairs of the railroad bridge. This bridge was an iron one, and said to have been destroyed two or three months ago, contrary to the instructions of General Buckner at the time. It is over 200 feet span. The whole country west of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, for 50 or 60 miles to the Ohio River, is rough, hilly, and broken, and literally without any thing that would be entitled to the name of roads, and but sparsely inhabited. The distance from Green River to Bowling Green is 41 miles. There are no villages on the route of the turnpike or railroad. The largest place is at Preut's Knob, with some dozen houses. There is a high range of hills on the west of the road, extending from near Green River almost to Bowling Green. At several points these hills would command the railroad and turnpike. Preut's Knob is a point of great strength. The roads passing between the hills and knobs, which are here some 200 feet high, and, except the open country to the east, that would render it possible to turn the flank of an army posted within the pass of these hills, I should consider this the strongest natural position on the line of road between Louisville and Nashville. This is some twelve miles from Green River, and if the rebels make a stand this side of Bowling Green it will doubtless be here.
>
> Glasgow Junction (Bells, the old point for stage to Mammoth Cave) is also another strong point, and may be defended by Buckner's army. The turnpike from Green River to this point is but a common dirt road, and in winter very bad; but from this point to Bowling Green is a fine Macadamized road, and our forces will not likely meet with any obstruction for the 28 miles to Bowling Green.
>
> The greatest strength of Bowling Green for defense is in the great difficulty our troops will have to turn either flank of the enemy, which probably can not be done without great labor and preparation. Either above or below the country is rough and rugged; there are no roads running parallel with the railroad.
>
> The country between Green River and Bowling Green is very peculiar in its formation, being cavernous. There is not a stream of water on the whole route, and, save a few small springs, there is no water that is not artificially obtained. The whole of this country may be compared to bowls with a hole in the bottom, of all sizes from a few rods in extent to 50 or 100 acres. These holes or sinks carry off the surplus water after rains into the caves or underground streams. By the natural supply of water 500 horsemen could not have found the means of subsisting themselves and horses in a body between Green and Barren rivers, within several miles of the railroad. But the country is now a fine farming one, and abundance of water is obtained by cisterns, and by stopping the holes in the sinks, forming little ponds from the surface drainage, every farmer having one or more of these ponds. Should the rebels choose to do so, and they wish to annoy our forces, they could open these sink-holes, and drain the ponds along the whole line of forty miles in a single day, which would render it impossible for an army to subsist on the route until the holes could be stopped and the rains again fill the ponds with water.

We give also on this page a map of a portion of Tennessee and Kentucky, being the theatre of the operations of Commodore Foote, General Halleck, and General Buell.

EXECUTION OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

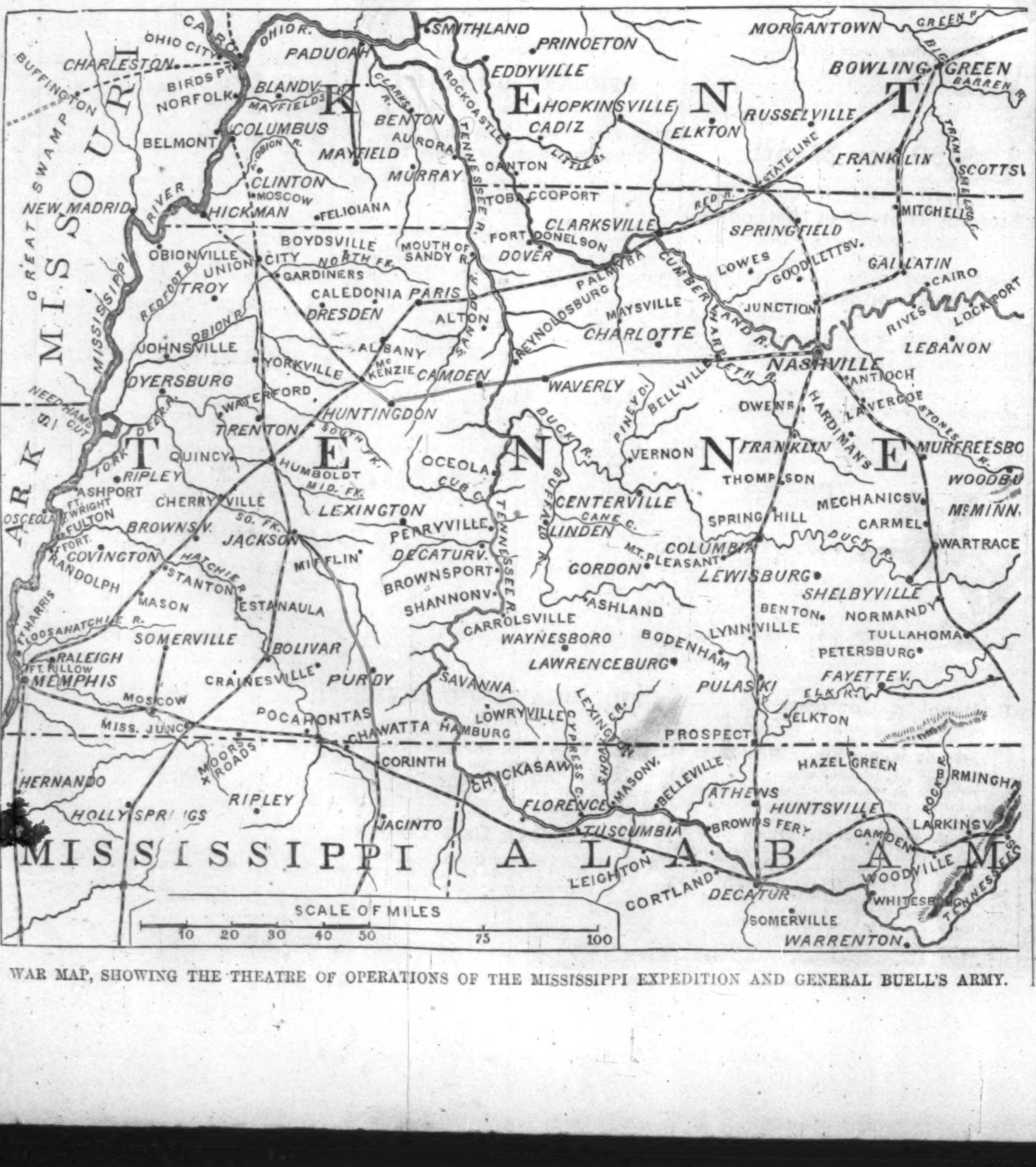
On page 60 we illustrate The Execution of Private Lanahan, of the regular army, who was hung for murder at Washington on 6th January. The following extracts from the *Herald* correspondence contain the history of the affair:

> Lanahan had for some time entertained a grudge against Sergeant Brennan, and when the homicide occurred he was reprimanded by the Sergeant for being absent from his post at guard mounting. Lanahan replied to the Sergeant impudently, and when Brennan turned quickly and asked what he said, Lanahan leveled his musket and fired, killing the Sergeant instantly. The culprit was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be hung. Major-General M'Clellan, upon a careful review of the record, which disclosed facts that would have convicted him of murder in the first degree before any impartial jury, signed the death-warrant. Brennan was an officer much respected, and his murder was the subject of much comment at the time.
>
> This morning, at ten o'clock, Lanahan was taken from the central guard-house, and, accompanied by his spiritual adviser, Father Walter, of St. Patrick's Church, placed in a carriage, guarded by a file of regulars, conveyed by way of Ninth Street to Pennsylvania Avenue, and thence to Franklin Square. Lanahan was dressed in his regular uniform, and, with the exception of an unnatural paleness, looked as usual. He was short in stature, and dark-complexioned.
>
> At eleven o'clock an escort, composed of five detachments from regiments of United States Infantry, took the prisoner through Fourteenth Street and Vermont Avenue to the place of execution, a vacant space between O and P streets. Here was a gallows, which had been erected during the morning, and around this the troops were ranged in a hollow square. The prisoner was taken from the carriage at a quarter past eleven o'clock, and, with a single armed guard, approached the scaffold, accompanied by Father Walter. He mounted the scaffold with a firm step and looked around upon the soldiery without flinching. General Devereaux, Assistant Adjutant-General, read in a clear voice the order for the execution, to which the prisoner calmly listened, occasionally looking around for the last time at his comrades upon the field. Three or four hundred spectators only had gathered around the military to witness the impressive spectacle.
>
> The troops were brought to a parade rest, and the prisoner requested that his arms, which had been pinioned behind him, might be loosened, as he desired to meet his fate like a man. The request was complied with, and Father Walter put on his sacerdotal robes, and knelt for a few minutes to offer up the last petition for him who was soon to expiate his crime. Lanahan looked around when the priest had concluded his prayer, and said, in a cheerful and audible voice, as he looked around upon the military cordon, "Good-by, soldiers, good-by!" The black cap was drawn over his face, and he stepped firmly upon the trap, where he placed himself in the position of the soldier, with his arms by his side. All things being ready, Corporal Brown, at half past eleven o'clock, placed his foot upon the spring, and Lanahan, who had not been unnerved for an instant, fell, and his life was over.
>
> There were a few muscular contractions of the body, but the spinal cord was broken, and in a few minutes the surgeons examined the body, and pronounced life extinct. The corpse was placed in an army wagon, and conveyed by comrades of the deceased to the Catholic Cemetery for burial.
>
> Within half an hour after the execution the scaffold was removed, and persons living a square distant hardly knew that such an affair had taken place in their neighborhood.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

We publish on page 60 an engraving of the Embarkation of Troops for the Burnside Expedition on board the *Hussar*. The expedition will have sailed before these lines reach the public eye. The *Tribune* correspondent at Fortress Monroe wrote on 9th:

> Throughout the day yesterday transports, gun-boats, and other craft, constituting the principal portion of the Burnside Expedition, were passing through the Chesapeake, in sight of the Fortress, on their way to their place of rendezvous. In the afternoon the fleet of gun-boats that have rendezvoused here for some time also commenced leaving, and by sundown all but two or three, which are to act in the double capacity of gun-boats and transports, such as the *Hunchback* and *Southfield*, were showing their heels in the waters of the Chesapeake. But a small number of vessels will come here, the final arrangements of the Expedition having been nearly perfected at Annapolis.
>
> Flag-Officer Goldsborough will be chief officer in command of the expedition—of the land as well as the naval forces. Experience has proved the impracticability of a dual command—nominally a united, but really a divided one. Hence Flag-Officer Goldsborough, as the senior officer, with the rank of Major-General as well as Commodore, will be supreme, and direct the entire forces. I understand that this has the entire approval of General Burnside, who enjoys to the fullest the confidence of the Flag-Officer, and who only in the event of an extreme contingency will be abridged of any of his powers as commander of the land forces.



WAR MAP, SHOWING THE THEATRE OF OPERATIONS OF THE MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION AND GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY.

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* It seems extremely doubtful whether the very few instances in which it has been asserted that a savage race had been found without recognition of a Deity and a future state would bear searching examination. It is set forth, for example, in most of the popular works on Australia, that the Australian savages have no notion of a Deity or a Hereafter, that they only worship a devil, or evil spirit. This assumption, though made more peremptorily, and by a greater number of writers than any similar one regarding other savages, is altogether erroneous, and has no other foundation than the ignorance of the writers. The Australian savages recognize a Deity, but He is too august for a name in their own language; in English they call Him The Great Master—an expression synonymous with "The Great Lord." They believe in a hereafter of eternal joy, and place it among the stars.—See Strzelecki's Physical Description of New South Wales.

* See the observations on La Place and La Marck in the Introduction to Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise.

And again on 10th:

At about 10 o'clock A.M. the fog began to lift, and then we realized the actual presence of the expedition, for soon transports, gun-boats, and all sorts of craft began to enter the Roads, and come to anchor under the walls of the fortress. The transport steamers were black with troops, who cheered vociferously, and were answered by every body on all sides, while the bands played the "Star-Spangled Banner." Up to 4 o'clock P.M. the *Eastern City*, with General Burnside, had not arrived. General Foster came on the *New Brunswick*, and lost no time in paying his respects to General Wool. He speaks in the highest terms of his Brigade, and does not doubt that his troops will follow him any where.

GIVING THE MITTEN.

SHE gave him the mitten, the villagers said,
And that they alleged was the reason
Why Ray Allis went as a private last spring,
To fight for suppression of treason.

Whether gossip spake idly or wisely, 'twas true
That his glances grew calmer and colder,
And smiles never more to his lips came again
Since the day he enlisted a soldier.

And June Dashaway—what said she the while?
She smiled, but she trembled all over,
And tore the pale roses to flowery snow
When they spoke of her wandering lover.

Listened, pressing her bodice tight over her heart,
When the wire thrilled the grim battle story
Of Lexington lost, of its heroes laid low,
Meeting death on the red field of glory.

Then winter came on, and pitying hearts
Told of soldiers wan, weary, frost-bitten;
And June stole away to her grandmother's side
To ask—"Couldn't I knit a mitten?"

* * * * * * * *

Ray Allis is coming on sick soldier's leave—
How quickly the bright needles quiver!
"I'll soon have them done, and one man the less
On guard shall not tremble and shiver.

"But Ray must not know this heart, turning traitor,
Takes back all those hasty words spoken:
I said I would never be his if he went—
I must keep the rash promise unbroken.

"I'll take them to him, just to see if they fit,
Or, if needs be, some stitches to alter,
And if he is better and happy at heart
I know that my speech will not falter.

But if he should be very sorry, or sick,
Or look very weary and lonely—
Stay, am I quite sure I can meet him again?
Courage, June, for a brief moment only."

* * * * * * * *

"Friend Ray, will you try them? I knit them for you."
A smile lit his face sad and sober,
While holding his hand lightly over her own,
The kneeling form trembled all over.

"This fits very well, the other please try,
To make them both right I'll endeavor."
He threw back his cloak—"June Dashaway, dear,
One mitten henceforth and forever!"

And now couldn't I such a sweet story tell?
How the girl, with her eyes softly shining,
Crept closer beside the arm lonely for aye,
Around it her slight fingers twining,

And murmured some words in a womanish way,
Something all about soldiers and glory;
And then, that the mitten might not want a hand,
She gave him her own. That's the story.

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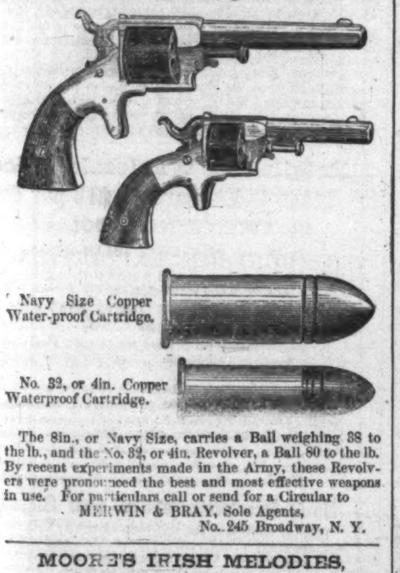

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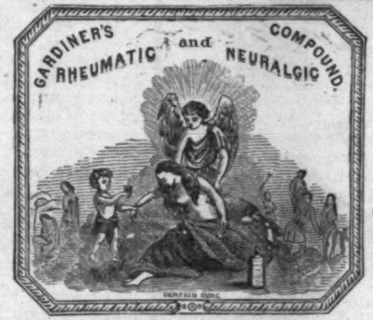

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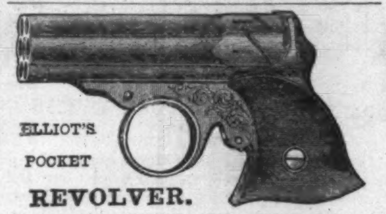

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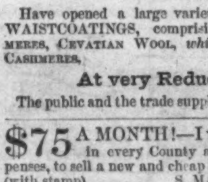

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